

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

Edited by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME 1

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VOLUME I

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NUMBER 1

Good and Bad Reviewing

REVIEWING, of course, is a science, but only as far as science will carry it. Even in this demi-literate nation there is a host of readers of good books far too sophisticated for the reviewer whose stock in trade is fluency and a will to be kind. Forty years and more of intensive work in scholarship by our best universities has fixed at least two ideas in the general intelligence—that accuracy is a virtue and that a writer must have knowledge of what he presumes to discuss. The day of critical omniscience is no longer glorious.

Reviewing must have scholarship, as a man must have muscle, but the dependence goes no further. Some of the worst criticisms have been written by the best scholars. We know what Alexander Pope thought of "poor piddling Theobald" as a critic—as a scholar he could teach him Shakespeare. Great scholars make great critics only if they have art.

When science has done its work and the facts of a book are known, either the art of interpretation begins or the reviewer is not for us. It requires as much art to see a book as it really is and then to convey that perception by nicely chosen words as to write a short story—more art than to write a standardized short story. To suggest quality, to impart purpose, to inspire reading, to attain a triple unity of the book, the review, and the reader's impression, is a fine art. It is a pity that long imputation and practice of hack writing has made appreciation of the delicate and admirable achievements possible in reviewing rare. It rouses irony to remember that the conventional account of reviewing goes back to the slashing stick work of the old Quarterlies before the author begins to praise—irony, for the reviewers of the Quarterlies were usually wrong when they encountered greatness, and useful only as a policeman in a riot is useful—if he keeps swinging his club he is sure to rap a deserving head.



Art, however, is not enough for a reviewer, even a scholarly reviewer. It is not enough for a dramatist or a novelist who may and does write himself out of an audience when he has nothing to say. The reviewer is in like case; he must have ideas. Not, of course, to write reviews. The book supplies materials which any journeyman can beat up into a thousand words. But in order to write good reviews he must get ideas from wherever ideas come as surely as a poet for his poem.

An idea about a book is, like all ideas, a sudden flash in which comprehension of what essentially must be known and understood breaks upon the mind of the critic. It may be the author's real purpose, still dim in his subconsciousness, it may be his real achievement, quite different from his apparent one. It may be an explanation of excellence, or a reason for failure. It may be an effort of sympathy or a clue to rage. It may be a coordination, by which the new work falls into place in history and is shown to be borne on a stream of tendency long since familiar.

The reviewer must have an idea, whether it is *belles lettres*, science, or history, that he is criticizing. It is certain that science makes good ideas probable, and sterilizes bad ones. It is certain that the art of reviewing is to approach the book with every æsthetic faculty awake, then, if the idea comes, to be able to express it.

Perhaps it is because a review is brief, because its topic (not its idea) is provided, because a grateful anonymity is possible for beginners, that reviewing exercises such a fascination upon those who wish

After the War

By EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

OUT of a darkness, into a slow light
That was at first no light that had a name,
Like one thrust up from Erebus he came,
Groping alone, blind with remembered sight.
But there were not those faces in the night,
And all those eyes no longer were aflame
That once he feared and hated, being the same
As his that were the fuel of his fright.

He shone, for one so long among the lost,
Like a stout Roman after Pentecost:
"Terror will yield as much as we dare face
Ourselves in it, and it will yield no more,"
He said. And we see two now in his place,
Where there was room for only one before.

Timely and Timeless

By THE EDITOR

A LITERARY review without a program is like modern man without his clothes—healthy, agile, functioning in all his senses, but regarded as less than respectable, even by his friends. Yet what is a program but a reflection of temperament! A sanguine, full-blooded man thinks well of his universe, a melancholy man thinks ill of his, and each makes his program. There is more honest philosophizing in many a casual newspaper column, or blunt plain man's opinion, than in elaborate sets of principles chosen to fit a prevailing mood.

We cannot escape from our moods but we need not capitalize them for the supposed benefit of bored contemporaries. *The Saturday Review* is to have a guiding purpose, that must be drawn not from the temperament of the editorial staff but from things as they are in literature.



To my thinking, one of the most deceptive statements ever uttered is that life is more interesting than literature. Life is only rarely and by moments more interesting than literature; then, I grant, it is engrossing beyond all imagined experience. Vigorous writing is just an attempt to recapture the flavor and pulsation of such moments. But hour-by-hour living is dull beside good books, badly composed, badly selected, unrevealing. It is a fair question whether the shop girl going to work in the morning does not get more sensations of actual life from the book she is reading than through all the rest of her usual day. Men and women who do not find good books interesting are either too dull or too vivid. Either their imaginations cannot be kindled, or their real life is too intense to permit them even for a moment to step out of it.

That is why literature is one of the great subjects, and, like all great subjects, to be taken with both good humor and utmost seriousness, to be loved and made fun of, to be pondered and fought for—

How charming is divine Philosophy!

Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose.

The modern fashion, however, does not regard literature—or at least contemporary literature—as a harsh and crabbed female, but rather as a much advertised show girl, bought and paid for, and to be written about at so much a word. A great topic cannot be so approached. In the hearts of those who assess good writing as if it were pig iron or ladies' hose, good humor and sympathy are dead as soon as born. No affectation of wit or enthusiasm can take their place.

A critic of literature must be aware of his good fortune and unblushingly embrace his subject, leaving reticence and prejudice behind. The half-hearted intellectual afraid of his enthusiasm, is as much of a charge upon criticism as the entranced sentimentalist. One suffers from too little love to give and the other from too little sense in loving.

But in pursuing literature, a literary review (which is a kind of literary personality with motives and character) must have two purposes, especially in America. There are two functions of literature that, so far as I am aware, have not been clearly distinguished in their modern aspects, although the general difference has been the cause of many a lively row. Literature can be timeless and literature can be timely.

There is a saving quality in the great authors which in every age has been a solace for the fine spirit lurking in man's complex of mechanism and

This Week

	PAGE
Editorial: Good and Bad Reviewing	1
Poem: After the War.	
By Edwin Arlington Robinson	1
Timely and Timeless By The Editor	1
Garnett's "A Man in the Zoo."	
Reviewed by William Rose Benét	2
"Ordeal," by Dale Collins.	
Reviewed by William McFes	3
"Woodsmoke," by Francis Brett Young.	
Reviewed by Amy Loveman	3
Sitwells' "Baroque Art" and "Triple Fugue."	
Reviewed by Richard Aldington	3
"Saint Joan," by Bernard Shaw.	
Reviewed by Henry S. Canby	4
Ritchie's "Scientific Method."	
Reviewed by Bertrand Russell	5
Heaton's "Cobb of the World."	
Reviewed by Oswald Garrison Villard	5
Flannery's "Haunted Houses."	
Reviewed by Mary Austin	6
The Nightmare.	
By Christopher Ward	6
The Bowling Green.	
By Christopher Morley	7
Two Books by Ambrose Bierce. A Review . . .	7
Books of Special Interest 8, 10, 12	
Foreign Literature 14	
A London Letter By Hamish Miles	16
The New Books 17, 18, 19	
Points of View 20	
The Reader's Guide.	
Conducted by May Lamberton Becker	21
The Phoenix Nest By W. R. B.	22
The World of Rare Books.	
By Frederick M. Hopkins	23

Next Week, and Later

"These Eventful Years." By James Harvey Robinson.
A Critical Essay. By Rebecca West.
The Fictionist's Problem. By Harvey O'Higgins.

to write. Except for poetry it is the only art of words that still has its votaries without number who sacrifice cash to credit; yet it is love of books and an almost passionate desire to get what is best in them that makes the best critics. Such desire can find its expression only in an art.

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mystery. Most of the superlatives applied by philosophic critics to good books refer to this essential quality of the great art of literature. It heartened Cicero when Caesar burst into Italy so roughly; exalted Milton in his blindness; came to many plain men on the King James version; kept Shelley afloat upon a sea of sex (and he drowned in its company); has been known to subdue even the growing pains of the undergraduate. I write lightly of what I in common with a multitude of others believe to be, like religion and hope, one of the few necessities men do not share with beasts. In a generation where size seems hopelessly confused with excellence, and civilization is written in terms of the advertising pages, the spiritual reserve in great books may not need defending, but must be constantly sought out and interpreted.

Every teacher and editor and scholar from Plato down has been a prophet of the religion of literature, until essayists and other preachers have come to praise books only because they can raise and solace the bedraggled soul. Yet this literature of the spirit to which belong mighty musings from the past, and recollected beauty, and all that deals with man not here and now but in his eternal aspects, whether as Prometheus or Falstaff, all this is a literature of retreat. Those who enjoy it are for the moment old. The drums have sounded for them; they have left the streets, left the battle, stepped out of the immediacies of life, are looking on, not into, experience. Now they understand, now they appreciate, now they think of race and family, love and truth, romance and beauty, all the attributes which we see in living only when we have time to meditate upon them.

Indeed a mild pessimism is necessary if literature in these classic aspects is to yield its best. The reader must be no Faust, but willing to leave the moment because memory is more fair. The dreamer has realized his incapacity, the vigorous have become weary, the efficient have learned a passive resignation before they read best in this aspect of literature. Good books in their eternal function are entrances into the life of the spirit, but they are also slow swinging doors leading from crowded corridors into seclusion.

It takes more than good reporting and skilled technique to make literature of this quality. We have had it in our century and a half of American literature—not often, but in greater proportion than has been supposed, except by inflamed patriots. Home-grown thought has advantages which sometimes compensate for other merits. Thoreau and Whitman knew more than Carlyle and Tennyson of the antidotes for *hysteria Americana*. If *The Saturday Review*, in its purpose to uphold literature, can help to set right the curiously warped estimates of so-called American classics, it will earn a right to subsistence.

So much for the timeless literature of retreat, books in their noblest function of self-heal and illumination. But neither readers nor Reviews can live on mountain tops or in cloisters. New York keeps growing in spite of wise maxims in Plato's "Republic," and "Macbeth" and "Lear" stay true but remote, while the struggle for a million and blatant egoism involve the living. Every book, whatever its potentiality of lasting wisdom, exists in its own social complex and helps to explain it. Therefore, to search for eternal values only in literature and to disregard the rest, is inhuman and a little ridiculous, like trying to understand all ages without experiencing one's own. Good new books especially, whether they contain great art or little, are news of human nature as it is at the moment. We do not read a new book because we think it will live, we read it because it is alive—if it lives, it is because there was life enough to endure the change of seasons, but that is not our only, not even our chief concern, which is with to-day, not to-morrow. To paraphrase—

If it be not good for me
What care I how good it be.

This is the timely view of literature, and vigorous Reviews and active-minded readers cannot escape it, even by trying.

For an illustration, consider the literary aspects of this country, sprawling in its greatness. Just after the Revolution, the so-called Hartford wits, who should have been called the Yale Literati, celebrated in pompous heroics the leadership of the new United States. Freedom and Liberty and Opportunity and a half dozen other capitalizations were

to conduct Europe and the World into a godlike Future, where man was to realize his glorious Destiny under a Universal Republic. No one writes that way now except in the bunkum of inferior statesmen. Nevertheless, the United States has become after all a model for the world—and I do not mean in virtue, wealth, kind of government, or mould of character. In the United States, that form of society which we still call democratic for want of a juster word, has reached its fullest development, and every civilized country is year by year borrowing, adapting, self-developing, with an equivalent society as an end almost in sight. England has Americanized in this sense almost unbelievably since 1900. The new countries of Eastern Europe are, one hears, more rapid still.

Of course, it is not properly speaking an Americanization, it is the results of the industrial revolution working out into a changed life for every individual. Politics are secondary; pure democracy is no nearer than before; but mass production, mass knowledge, mass communication have produced a society where every man can move, eat, read, hear with all the power that results, although wisdom is just as hard to attain as ever, and self-control much harder. A vulgar society of great energy, flexible, hysterical, confused, is the outcome: a society of infinite possibilities for slow good, or rapid evil. If you are optimistic you call it the emancipation of the common man; if pessimistic, you may quote Polybius on Rome—

The violent influx of prosperity will produce a more extravagant standard of living and an excessively keen competition between individuals. . . . As these tendencies develop, a process of deterioration will be initiated.

. . . When they are inspired by a sense of injustice, by the material greed of some of their masters, and with a false conceit by the insincerity of others in pursuit of a political career, . . . the masses become so intensely exasperated and so completely guided by passion that they repudiate all subordination to or even equality with the upper classes and identify the interests of the community with their own. When this point is reached the commonwealth acquires the flattering appellations of Liberty and Democracy, while it is subject to the appalling reality of the "despotism of the crowd."

And this society, for evident reasons, developed first and most fully in America. We alone had broken through our conventions to go pioneering in a strange environment; we alone had boundless physical opportunities open for a while to all; we alone had a political and social system with small resistance to mass control; we alone through immigration have a cosmopolitan population bound by no single tradition but the American which is liberal and elastic to an extreme.

I am neither praising the American mass civilization nor condemning it. Nor do I mean that having studied its blare and bustle one knows all, or even the most important, facts about the United States. My single point is that here is a type of civilization of obvious importance and therefore obvious interest, and that literature must and will report it. I say report it; literature will try to make art of it also, and may succeed, is certainly in some measure already succeeding. But we Americans who read, and we who edit, cannot remain indifferent to the mere reporting. Every attempt to present it in history, sociology, psychology, biology, as well as in pure literature, or pure comedy, must be interesting, must be for a Review as vital as the enduring values of literature.

This literature in its aspect of timeliness is active, not passive, which does not mean that it is better or truer than timeless literature but rather the reverse. It is a literature of men whose drums are still beating onward; it reports the turmoil, not meditation; admixture, not refinement; expectation, not memory, what is momentarily apparent rather than what is necessarily true. Not to read it is not to live now, however much one may dip into essential life. In extremes, the contrast is between the newspapers, the comic strips, the movies against Homer, Shakespeare, and Milton. But the means differ only as between to-day and yesterday—Ring Lardner, Hergesheimer, Robert Frost versus Cooper, Irving, Hawthorne; or between history in literature and literature as art—Sinclair Lewis and Edna St. Vincent Millay.

I shall drop then in conclusion those somewhat formal terms, timeless and timely, and say that criticism, which is part of the living fabric of contemporary literature, must be keenly aware of both past and present, and a partisan of both. It must be like a modern university where one seeks Princi-

ples, but also works in laboratories of immediate experience amidst the vivid confusion of experiment. In one guise a graybeard philosopher searching for the Best, but also in the mood of youth, watching the three-ringed show under the great tent of To-day—yet discriminating in both—that is the double function of criticism and this *Review*.

Mr. Garnett's Second

A MAN IN THE ZOO. By DAVID GARNETT.
New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1924. \$1.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENET

WHEN a writer's first novel has come as near to perfection after its kind as did Mr. Garnett's "Lady Into Fox," his second production—no matter what its merit—must necessarily suffer by comparison unless it is a work of positive genius. "A Man in the Zoo" is not such a work. Yet in one respect it seems to us superior to "Lady Into Fox," and that is in the management of John Cromartie's entrance into the Zoological Society's Garden as an exhibit. His letter to the Secretary is an intellectually convincing mechanism as are the ensuing circumstances under which the Society reaches the point of accepting his peculiar offer. In "Lady Into Fox" the reader was forced at the outset simply to accept as thus and so an incredible happening. The style in which the happening was related was relied upon to waft the reader over that jump of the imagination. The device was æsthetic; the beguiling style made it successful. But the device in "A Man in the Zoo" is brilliantly clever.

As to the allegory of this second book,—Mr. Garnett deals in allegory in both his first and his second works, and yet, apparently, would evade such a charge. Be that as it may, the secondary "meaning" of the perfectly straightforward story of the incredible "Lady Into Fox" was sufficiently obvious. The secondary meaning of "A Man in the Zoo" is inchoate by comparison. It might be diagrammed thus: Alone, the fundamental Male easily reverts to a savagery of selfishness in which he feels the world his foe and his own ego especially important in its opposition to the customs of the world. Only when the woman who loves him agrees to enter the cage in which he has voluntarily shut himself does the cage disappear and the fundamental Male discover, not only that he is very like all other people in the world, but also that the world in reality is not noticing him enough to accord him any enmity. The world is, for the most part, simply composed of couples very like himself and the woman who loves him. If this is actually Mr. Garnett's "deeper meaning" it is valid enough. But, owing to the side-issues of the tale, this meaning is certainly more nebulous than the significance of "Lady Into Fox." Any profound reason for introducing the Caracal and the negro Joe Tension is not apparent. They are interesting in themselves and, to a certain extent amusing, but seem to serve no purpose of allegory.

The insistence of allegory is a deadly thing and Mr. Garnett quite naturally seeks to avoid it; but "Lady Into Fox" had the perfect dual aspect. It succeeded simply as a latter day miracle story, on account of the borrowed but perfectly mastered style,—if you chose to regard it merely as that and as nothing more. Very sensibly in "A Man in the Zoo" the author has avoided the same style. His narration adopts a different and contemporaneous manner. This manner, however, results in a less clear and sharp divisibility of the tale. Whatever "significance" is implicit in it keeps forcing itself upon the attention as a problem. We are made to puzzle over a cipher in the apparently clear modern legend.

In a "A Man in the Zoo," the situation Mr. Garnett has created has aroused in his naturally subtle mind too many only half veiled speculations. The very nature of the situation makes this unavoidable. But the half veiled speculations intrude. Well, why should they not? The only answer to this is that they tend to blur the vivid impression of the story, whereas "Lady Into Fox" was clearly stamped upon the mind in every detail, and quite unblurred. "A Man in the Zoo" is literature and the product of a peculiarly interesting intelligence. It seems to us a mistake to introduce Mr. Waley's translation of a poem by Wang Yen-shou, which adds nothing and is rather an excrescence. But when all exceptions are taken the book is clever and original enough in many ways to warrant preservation among the curiosities of literature.

Elemental Human Nature

ORDEAL. By DALE COLLINS. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1924. \$2.50 net.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MCFEE

THIS is a savage book. It belongs to that slowly increasing *genre* of fiction wherein humanity is revealed as a detestable failure when taken away from its customary civilization, and a gross caricature when permitted to remain within that civilization. John Russell in "Where the Pavement Ends" gave us this modern philosophy of art and life in short, stabbing sketches of men in the far ends of the earth. In "Ordeal" Mr. Collins pursues the same theme and adopts the same philosophy. Comprised in this novel of nearly three hundred pages is a study of modern sophisticated people in an environment of elemental savagery and naked passions.

The great danger the author of this sort of book runs is that of being carried away by a scorn which he fails to communicate to the reader. There is, in the average consumer of novels, and even in the average reviewer of novels, a sturdy resistance to anything which he suspects as containing a gospel of despair. This does not mean at all that he desires "glad" books and a Pollyanna philosophy. He has no objection to the novelist holding the mirror up to nature. But he turns away from anything, unless it have other qualities, that holds nature, and particularly his own modern, every-day, human nature, up to sardonic derision. He does not object to being shown himself as wicked, or unfortunate, or even small, in comparison with cosmic forces, but he dislikes being exhibited as mean and contemptible. In other words, he desires his tragedy to be poetry as well as truth. He desires, in general unconsciously, that you shall illumine your spectacle of man struggling with his destiny, and being conquered by it, with the magic of your imagination. You may show him that man is vile if you do not forget to place him against a background of spiritual splendor.

The story of "Ordeal" is starkly simple and revolves about the character of Ted, the half-caste, half-breed sycophantic steward of a schooner lost in the immensity of the Pacific. Mr. Thorpe, an American scholar of some wealth, has purchased the vessel in Japan to return home with his young wife and a party of friends. Ted, by reason of his superior mentality, gains an ascendancy over the crew, and finally, when the drug-addicted mate is killed by him in a midnight fray and is thrown overboard, he assumes command, since he is the only man on board who can use a sextant and find the ship's position. Later, he acquires delusions of grandeur, which are complicated by his infatuation for a young lady in the party, and goes mad. He is finally disposed of by old Lady Daly, aunt of the girl, who is deaf, and who has consequently failed to come under the steward's domination. She speaks sharply to him as to a servant, and he reacts automatically in spite of his omnipotent position on board. He steps back and falls overboard, where an indefatigable shark receives him in the usual manner.

It is assumed here that this is a first novel, and the criticism offered is that the treatment is singularly mature but the psychology quite the reverse. Mr. Collins is perhaps less successful in dealing with his American passengers than in anything else. Viola Thorpe, however, the young and promiscuously minded wife of the owner, is a careful and successful study of a very common modern type—the young married woman of wealth and intelligence, who deceives none save herself as to the true nature of her emotional divagations. Only fate has preserved her from the desolate half-world of Cosmopolis, and she passes from man to man with bewildering facility.

It is on Ted, however, that our author has concentrated in his attempt to reveal the dark workings of a mis-shapen mind. There are two remarks to make about Ted, however. One is that the origins of his trouble are not sufficiently made clear, and the other is that by going completely and actually insane, his problem passes out of the region of art and enters that of psycho-pathology. There is about the book a reminder of "The Nigger of the Narcissus." It has great strength and a promise of yet more strength in the future. But it should be

forever remembered by those who would write of primitive forces and passions, that there must shine through the texture of the tale the "light of magic suggestiveness," a light that illumines us, in all its weakness and folly and grandeur, "the holy spirit of man."

Cast to Large Mould

WOODSMOKE. By FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

MR. BRETT YOUNG has for some time enjoyed a high regard in England, but his reputation is still less than his deserts in this country. "Woodsmoke" should help to win him the recognition which is his due, for it is a novel of distinction, finely conceived and well-executed. Its plot, to be sure, is hackneyed—it is the tale of a journey through the tropical wilderness, of ills escaped, dangers met and the love of two men for the same woman—but it rises from the bog of the conventional by its dignity of spirit. Merely as a yarn it is excellent,—well-knit, rigidly held to effective episode, and full of flavor and atmosphere. Yet if it had nothing but the deftness of its craftsmanship and the interest of its plot to uphold it, "Woodsmoke" would be as a hundred other stories of adventure. What places it far above the ruck of fiction is a certain elevation of outlook and saving tenderness in its portrayal of human nature.

Mr. Brett Young has the large imagination which sees the creatures of his story as pawns in the doubtful drama of existence, and an enveloping pity that yearns over the humanity that is prey of

leading on an expedition through the jungle a man whose appalling violence of temper threatens its safety from the first, and whose passion for his wife, when the rage of possession is upon him, does not spare even the woman who, loving him not at all, tenders him a pitying loyalty. Rawley, Mrs. Rawley, Antrim, these are convincing figures that grow to solemn stature as the inhibitions of normal life yield to danger and isolation. Projected against a background of hostile circumstance they loom momentous in their human frailty.

Though it beats to a powerful undercurrent of emotion, there is about "Woodsmoke" an austere avoidance of sentiment. The passion that enwraps it broods over the story as the palpitant atmosphere of Africa steepens its hot plain and forest; it gathers slowly and impressively to storm but its devastating force is suggested rather than expressed. There is a fine repression to his depiction of the painful reticence of the love of Antrim and Mrs. Rawley that is a fitting counterpart to the garnered grace of Mr. Brett Young's felicitous style. And there is subtlety and delicacy to his psychological analysis and no lack of force to his portraiture. His is a shapely story, wrought with a fine discrimination, set forth in language pruned yet supple, and drawing import and moving quality from its author's sympathetic vision of a world in which human nature, cast back upon elemental conditions, retains even at its most pitiful a certain essential dignity. It strikes a false note in its concluding chapter, which too obviously and quite unnecessarily sketches in details of the plot, but with this exception it is fashioned with admirable skill. It is a work of genuine distinction.

The Able Sitwells

SOUTHERN BAROQUE ART. By SACHEVERELL SITWELL. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1924. \$6.

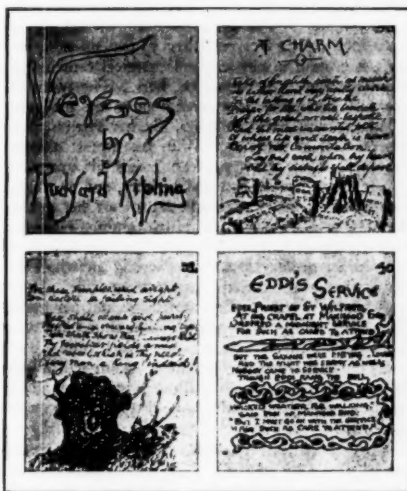
TRIPLE FUGUE. By OSBERT SITWELL. London: Grant Richards. 1924.

Reviewed by RICHARD ALDINGTON

THE three Sitwells make a compact and exotic oasis in the wide desert of contemporary British poetry. They are the most effective evidence one can produce to readers outside this little island in support of the assertion that we are not nature-fakers all and that imagination, daring, and wit still exist in our midst. Their poetry is more sympathetic to the survivors of the Imagists than any other of this generation; for though they are baroque where we tried to be classic, they have a passionate love of beauty—real beauty, not some moral idea of material amelioration masquerading as beauty. This love of beauty, this anti-puritanism, attracts me in their work, as their high spirits and pugnacity attract Mr. Arnold Bennett.

"Southern Baroque Art" is a new experience in interpretative art criticism. It is a book which only a poet could write and only a man of sensitive and intelligent taste could carry out. Nothing is so rare as to find art criticism of this kind. It is directed at the proper end of all art criticism, which is the fullest and most intelligent enjoyment of works of art. It is free from pedantry and encumbering theories; it is founded upon wide reading and direct contact with the art described; and the book is so composed that it is itself a wonderful piece of baroque art. At the first plunge, the reader feels slightly bewildered but excited, because the subject matter is so new to him, the method of presenting it so novel, and the clear, bold judgment, the beautiful imaginative prose so stimulating. Obviously, this is the book on baroque art one has long wanted, for southern Italian excursions. In fact, after reading "Southern Baroque Art" one's immediate duty lies ornately but clearly ahead; it is to visit Italy, Sicily, Spain and, if possible, Mexico, with Mr. Sitwell's book as a companion.

No brief review can convey the sensation of discovery and pleasure one feels in reading this book. This is a rare experience for a reader of modern literature; one so seldom gets the sensation of a rich, original personality, a new and interesting theme, a novel but not eccentric method, the conviction that one is making the acquaintance of a book of permanent values. The only reproaches I can make Mr. Sitwell are that his symbolism is occasionally a little too allusive and that his sentences would be much more gorgeous and congruous to his subject if he built them up into longer and more ornate periods. There is indeed a subject



Facsimiles from Rudyard Kipling's contribution to the library of the Queen's Dolls' House

From "The Book of the Queen's Dolls' House" (Stokes)

self and circumstances. There is a pregnancy to his writing that is derived from its constant sense of the immanence of fate. His narrative is charged with suspense, but with a suspense that is something quite apart from the mere development of complicated situation, and that is rather the recognition of the incalculable forces that impend over human life than a direct anticipation of evil. An emanation from scene, and incident and personality it pervades the novel, giving it a somber and baffling import.

With a confidence that is justified by success, Mr. Brett Young opens his tale of adventure with a prologue that sets forth the end to its train of incident. Antrim, fever-ridden, shattered in spirit and tortured in mind at the moment of his introduction, lays his ghost before the recital of his experience is begun. But nothing of the excitement of that painful journey through the East African wilderness on which he leads Mrs. Rawley and her husband, the one to escape and the other to death, is lost through the fact that the reader is aware from the start of the tale that Antrim and Mrs. Rawley are to be united before its close and that Rawley is to be proved to have died in the forest. For the interest of the narrative centers not on the details of the hazardous trip but on the slowly developing drama of human passions, and on the personalities that under the stark necessity of circumstance drive to untoward relationship. Antrim, swept to the adventure on the impulse of a moment, finds himself

on which the neglected long sentence might be employed with magnificent effect.

Perhaps I shall better achieve my purpose of interesting American readers in a book which has given me so much pleasure, if I suppress my own comments and quote a few lines from "Southern Baroque Art":

You could see over low roofs, across the lagoons, to the mainland behind Venice. The summer palace of the Doges lay there. The canal on which it was approached glittered like a very far-off window caught by the sun. For the last furlong the canal led up a colonnade. Both wings of this were occupied by an equal population of statues. Their strange elongation only appeared transmuted to normal life when seen reflected. Withered, ascetic limbs in the water-version were smooth and young. The first of them grew like flowers out of the water, but the winds never let them alone. Just when they burned with a clear flame against the sky, little ripples of water clouded them over again, and bent the reflection. After a dozen such experiences very deep-down marble steps appeared, rising broadly and slowly to the quay-side. On these the forms were reflected climbing over, or lying upon shelves of snow. It was always a gallery that passed along these waters. Had there been a boat drawn with a sail, this would have provided a cloud as a still background for these deities.

That is not a carefully selected passage; it is typical of the whole book, which is composed of these vivid realizations of the extravagant and glowing splendor of baroque art and architecture. It is no surprise to learn that the book is being read with enthusiasm in France, Italy, and Germany or to hear that there are already proposals to translate it into the languages of those countries.

Mr. Osbert Sitwell is one of the very few effective satirists in contemporary England. This new excursion into prose proves that he is a worthy successor in that tradition of witty writing, practised in their different styles by Oscar Wilde, Bernard Shaw, and Max Beerbohm. There are six pieces in Mr. Sitwell's book. "Low Tide" is a character-study of two curious old maids in an English watering-place, wonderfully observed and true to the garish vulgarity of such places. There is a murder story (marred by an ineffective end), and two other character studies of extraordinary insight, "His Ship Comes Home" and "The Machine Breaks Down." But Mr. Sitwell is most amusing in his satires on London literary society, where he exposes literary humbugs and pretenders with ruthless gaiety; in some cases he does not even trouble to hide his victims' blushes under assumed names, but boldly drags them forth for obloquy and dares them to single combat. The long piece called "Triple Fugue" goes far deeper than "Friendship's Due" (which is a neat mopping-up of the fragments of the Celtic movement); "Triple Fugue" is a complex subject handled with an easy mastery which hardly allows you to see how neatly difficulties are solved, and while it hits swashing blows at intellectual snobbery and literary affectations, it analyzes with great courage and insight many of the deplorable phenomena of commercial "democracy" in England. The horrible snobbery of English society, the vulgar autocracy of wealth, the complete absence of a living culture, and the domination of cheap newspapers are some of the subjects on which Mr. Sitwell exercises his *verve*.

Saint George and Joan

SAINT JOAN. By BERNARD SHAW. New York: Brentano's. 1924. \$2.25.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

BERNARD SHAW calls his "Saint Joan" a chronicle play and asserts in his preface that he proposes to make a new biographical interpretation of the Maid of France. But why did Shaw choose a mystic for his heroine; why has he plunged into the Middle Ages and defended them in a mighty Preface; what token his sword flashings in behalf of revealed religion? Why has he left the cure of mankind's political stupidity and social sluggishness for the story of a courageous but ignorant maid, proved guilty in his play so that he may defend her? "If it were only an historical curiosity," he says in his Preface, "I would not waste my reader's time and my own [on her burning] for five minutes."

On the stage, "Saint Joan" proved to be a dramatic conflict between the individual and institutions, with much brilliant dialectic, and a trial scene likely to become classic. As a play, it was successful, all but its epilogue, which dragged like the end

of a procession. That is all which needs to be said here of its dramatic qualities; but the question of purpose and literary merit remains.

The eager critics who wrote that the lash of England had grown soft at last, were wrong, so much the reading of the play quickly demonstrates. There is not a trace of sentimentality in "Saint Joan," and very little sentiment except where Dunois, waiting for the west wind to rescue his Orleans, makes poetry, as many a man of 1914 in the trenches, and philanders after gem-flashing kingfishers. Nor is the motive for this play to be found in the intensely interesting defense of the rationality of the church and the feudal state which Shaw puts into the mouths of Joan's enemies. The Inquisitor's explanation of why Joan must be destroyed is one of the best expositions of the ethics of politics in English. Joan was a menace to stable institutions. She assumed a power and a knowledge above church and government. She was a Protestant (without knowing it) when the binding force of civilization was Catholic. She was a nationalist when her society was still international. This is the drama of the situation. If, following Shaw, you drop nineteenth century romance and twentieth century conventions, it seems legally and perhaps morally right to have destroyed her, even though intuition declares it wrong. No man, he says, can understand Joan, if he is not in doubt whether he would not have voted for her death. But this play was not written to demonstrate a truth of history.

Shaw is eager to do full justice to the enemies of Joan, because he is desirous that their true nature and her peculiar genius should be understood. Therefore he cries scorn upon the ignorant moderns who call Joan mad because of her Voices, as if it were not far easier to understand these visions which spoke to her wisely of what her own common-sense genius had intuitively perceived, than to explain how materials uniting in physical and chemical combination could produce a devotion like hers. The twentieth century materialist is as credulous as the medieval Catholic, and Joan's enemies, like her friends, were as rational as moderns. With the utmost pains to be lucid, Shaw develops every irresistible argument against her; and with equal lucidity, and an almost loving care, makes clear the nature of her genius, which was essentially an intuitive common sense that saw what must be done if France (her sole objective) was to be saved. If she was wrong anywhere she was a menace to society—that was one side. If she was right, it was not her knowledge, but her genius for seeing things as they were. The church had then and there to declare her a Saint or a heretic. Saint was too stiff while she was alive. Saint will always be too stiff for the world with such naïve seers. They must always go to battle, and they must always be defeated.

No one will call Shaw naïve, and indeed he leaves no doubt in his play that Joan was in her stock of knowledge ignorant, and, in his Preface, that he is well-informed, sophisticated, and wise. Yet it is certain, I think, that in essential functions Shaw identifies himself with Joan, and the vested institutions of our society with the medieval system she encountered. Shaw is Joan in this play, and Joan is Shaw. Not Joan the Maid, Joan the implicit believer, but Joan the mystic, Joan the rebel and Protestant, Joan the ruthless possessor of caustic common sense. "Saint Joan" is Shaw's *apologia pro vita mea*, and this is why he wrote the play.

For either Shaw is an irresponsible wit and buffoon, turning our conventions downside up for his own facetious purposes, or we must take him at his own valuation as a cold-blooded mystic with an intuitive perception of society which forces him to speak out. Of the two interpretations, the first is certainly wrong, the second, with some qualifications, is correct. Shaw is mystic as Joan is mystic, with sudden apperceptions of the human scene. That is what gave him his singular power over the restless spirits of this generation. His candid, unconventional mind (so he, I think, would put it) has seen as it really is a modern society still applying ideas drawn from pre-industrial, pre-scientific periods to a social organization half a century ahead of the conceptions generally held of it. And in this play he is explaining himself when he makes the brusque and lucid brain of Joan apply the simplest of common sense to a feudal, international, Catholic society living upon logic and preconception. Both author and heroine, of course, are Protestants against orthodox and dangerous to the existing social machine. And Shaw's Joan is a realist, like Shaw himself. She uses nationalism as a constructive

force, regardless of vested interests and vested ideas, just as Shaw would use the principle of evolution no matter what institutions devised according to other conceptions of man's place in the universe might be shattered in the process. Joan fights to win, regardless of the conventions of knightly warfare: Shaw resorts to any paradox or clownery, foregoing dignity on the stage and masking a serious mind, in order to get attention, interest, action.

Those who saw "Saint Joan" acted in New York will be reluctant to accept this theory of the play. It must be admitted that Winifred Lenihan, a charming and sympathetic Joan, did not suggest in looks or action a Bernard Shaw in doublet and hose! But with all due appreciation of her performance, it was not Shaw's Joan, the manly woman, wide between the eyes, speaking in rough country dialect, powerful in common sense, loving danger, that she presented. The stage perhaps would not have accepted such a version of the Maid, but it is here in the play itself unmistakably, and through this masculine Joan, Shaw more readily speaks.

Joan is Shaw with, naturally, attributes belonging to her faith, her sex, her origin. She embodies the peculiar genius which her creator has displayed in his ruthless fight with edged words against the institutions of another age. And Joan reveals a new Shaw. Her history is of a heretic who was right for the growth of man's intellect, but wrong for the social order of her day, which crashed after her departure. His history, as this play completes it to date, is of a rebel growing more tolerant of organized society. His defense of the judges who gave her to the flames is a tribute to the British Empire, to the American trust, to Victorianism, and all preservative institutions that keep our world functioning. It is the history of a man grown more respectful of intuitive genius, his own and hers, which means more respectful of the human spirit and the spirit behind it which is neither molecule nor ion; the history of a man become in a good sense religious. When they say that Shaw has softened in "Saint Joan," that is what they really mean.

"Saint Joan" is, in fact, a highly modern play. It is packed with modern psychology; it is passionate with veiled comment upon the Irish Revolution, where obstinate Englishmen wrought havoc with the best intentions and nationalism turned order into anarchy; it presents in the Shavian manner a set of incidents at the furthest remove from modern experience, which the author proves in a Preface of eighty pages to be only variants of our own times. From all this Shavian propaganda it suffers in art, being, like all Shaw's plays, half pamphlet, half drama of the human intellect. But it suffers less than most of them, since it is more poignant and more truly emotional, for the excellent reason that the wise old heretic who wrote it has meditated upon the true nature of heresy, and why it is dangerous, why necessary, and made himself the hero.

But Shaw is not altogether Joan. He lacks her passionate devotion; her unquestioning belief. Therefore his true history will not be tragedy, like hers, but satiric comedy, well-played to the end.

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Natural Laws

SCIENTIFIC METHOD. By A. D. RITCHIE.
(International Library of Psychology, Philosophy
and Scientific Method.) New York: Harcourt,
Brace & Co. 1924. \$3.50.

Reviewed by BERTRAND RUSSELL

SCIENTIFIC method, like method in football or billiards, is practised more or less unconsciously by technical experts, and is often best expounded by those who are not actual practitioners. At any rate much philosophical reflection is necessary, and a certain detachment from detail which is difficult for an active investigator. Some actual experience of investigation is, however, almost indispensable, so that the combination of qualities and aptitudes required is very rare. It was possessed in a remarkable degree by Henri Poincaré, whose books on "Science and Hypothesis," and on "The Method of Science," written after the bulk of his technical work was done, are noteworthy both for breadth of view and for intimacy with certain portions of his subject-matter. Mr. Ritchie has many qualifications, being well acquainted with modern philosophy and at the same time a lecturer in biological chemistry. His work is judicious and discriminating; the reading of it will be profitable to all who are interested in the topics with which it deals.

The philosophy of science is at present in a very unsatisfactory condition. All schools of philosophers are agreed that science is in the main to be accepted as genuine knowledge, but scrutiny of its fundamental assumptions has failed to reveal any reason for supposing them true. We seem to be driven back upon what Mr. Santayana calls "animal faith." Yet it is impossible to believe that the serious and apparently rational investigation of facts by which science has achieved its triumphs rests upon nothing better than blind irrational instinct. At the moment, no clear issue is visible. There have been ambitious philosophical systems in the past, which professed to guarantee the possibility of genuine knowledge. Kant, in particular, was supposed to have refuted Hume's scepticism, but his reputation no longer seems cogent to most modern investigators. The old metaphysics has broken down, and has not been replaced. Yet some substitute seems necessary if our faith in science is to survive destructive criticism. Mr. Ritchie's book sets forth the difficulties, but cannot be said to provide a fundamental solution. Nor has the present reviewer any such solution to offer.

The difficulties culminate in the question of induction. Induction may be treated as a mental habit or as a topical principle. As a mental habit, it offers no particular difficulty, but affords no ground for supposing that it leads to true beliefs, or even to beliefs that are very likely to be true. It is induction as a logical principle that is required as a basis for science; but as a logical principle it remains obscure and dubious.

As a mental habit, induction prevails among animals no less than among men. That is to say, when an animal has often experienced a certain series of events, the earlier members of the series make it act as if it expected the later members to follow. Domestic animals which are fed by a certain person at certain times of day look for food when they see that person at meal-times. All formation of habit illustrates this tendency of men and other animals. This seems to account for our belief in induction, when this belief is considered as a mere fact; but it does not show that nature conforms to our belief, or that expectations formed in conformity with it will in fact be realized.

Unless induction is a valid logical process, we cannot even have reason to suppose that it will continue as a psychological habit. We have observed this habit in certain instances, but the belief that it exists in instances we have not actually examined rests upon induction. If induction is not a valid logical process, human nature may change to-morrow, and we may begin to expect the opposite of what we have hitherto expected. We may come to regard bread and meat with horror, and to think that poisons will prove nourishing. Only induction as a logical principle can give grounds for believing that this is not going to happen. Far the best modern discussion of induction as a logical principle is that contained in Keynes's "Treatise on Probability." Mr. Keynes is known throughout the world for his "Economic Consequences of the Peace," but, excellent as that book is, his book on probability is likely to prove of

more lasting importance. Nevertheless, Mr. Ritchie's summary of the position in the following passage is substantially just:

Hume, who pooh-poohed the whole process [of induction], remains master of the field. Keynes's own treatment of the subject is candid, lucid, and masterly; and yet at the end of it all we are left almost exactly where we were before. That is to say, we can find no reasonable ground for believing in the results of induction, but we go on believing just as much as ever we did. Nowhere do sceptical arguments have so much force or so little effect.

Where there is a conflict of this sort, between our spontaneous beliefs and our reasoned conclusions, three courses are open to us. We may accept our spontaneous beliefs as having probably some good ground hitherto overlooked. Or we may accept our sceptical conclusions and try to force ourselves into abandonment of our spontaneous beliefs. Or we may seek a compromise, retaining our spontaneous beliefs where they deal with familiar circumstances, but distrusting them as applied to anything unusually large or small or remote. It is impossible to lay down in advance which of these three courses ought to be followed; instances in favor of each may be found in the past history of science. Zeno's paradoxes intended to prove that motion is impossible were invalid, and the common-sense belief in motion was justified; this is an instance in favor of our first course. An instance of our second course is afforded by the existence of men at the antipodes. Unsophisticated common sense would say there cannot be such men, because they would fall off; in this case the reasoned analytic conclusion was right as against common sense. The third course has proved the right one as regards the theory of relativity, Euclidean geometry and Newtonian dynamics are as correct as need be in the case of every-day distances and velocities, but become inaccurate when applied to very large distances or very rapid motions. We cannot therefore conclude, from the history of science, that one of our three courses, where induction is concerned, is more worth trying than the others. Nevertheless, the third course recommends itself as the most careful, and it seems prudent to try it first.

Keynes has demonstrated one very important point which ought to have been always obvious but was not, and that is, that conclusions reached by induction can never be certain, but only more or less probable. If all the crows you have ever seen were black, you will expect the next crow you see to be black, but it remains possible that it may not be: nothing in the laws of logic can prove that it *must* be black. Similarly we expect the sun to rise to-morrow, but we must not attempt to prove that this is *certain* to happen; it is at best only highly probable.

At first sight, it looks as if we should be able to make a distinction between inductions which are reasonably trustworthy and others which are likely to prove misleading. This was of course the purpose of Mill's four canons of induction, but they were based too much upon causation, which no longer plays so large a part in scientific theory as it did formerly. Mr. Keynes shows that, under certain conditions, an inductive conclusion will approach indefinitely near to certainty if there are enough instances in its favor. But unfortunately he fails to discover any means of knowing when the conditions are fulfilled. The essential condition is that, apart from the inductive evidence, the generalization which the induction seeks to establish should have a "finite" *a priori* probability, i.e. a probability at least as great as some numerically measurable probability. The chance of a penny falling heads a million times running, for example, is a numerically measurable probability, though a very small one. But if we attempt to extend this kind of argument to (say) the law of gravitation, we find that we *seem* to have an infinite number of *a priori* possibilities, so that the *a priori* probability of the law of gravitation, apart from empirical evidence, would not be finite. Such considerations lead Mr. Keynes to the conclusion that induction, if it is to be a valid method, must depend upon a characteristic of the universe which may be called "limitation of variety." After proving that induction depends upon analogy, he discusses the conditions for the validity of analogy, and concludes:

As a logical foundation for Analogy, therefore, we seem to need some such assumption as that the amount of variety in the universe is limited in such a way that there is no one object so complex that its qualities fall into an infinite number of independent groups (i.e. groups which might exist independently as well as in conjunction), or rather that none of the objects about which we generalize are so com-

plex as this; or at least that, though some objects may be infinitely complex, we sometimes have a finite probability that an object about which we seek to generalize is not infinitely complex.

It is attractive to connect this principle with the theory of quanta, which suggests that nature proceeds by finite jumps, all of them integral multiples of a certain minimum jump. There is some reason to think that the mathematicians have been more subtle than nature, and that Hamlet was wrong about the number of things in heaven and earth. At any rate, the modern mathematical logician can prove strictly that there are *fewer* things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in his philosophy. Perhaps all our sceptical troubles come from the complexity of our dreams, while nature remains finite, exhaustible and humdrum.

A Champion of Democracy

COBB OF THE WORLD: a Leader in Liberalism. Compiled from his Editorial Articles and Public Addresses by JOHN L. HEATON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1924. \$3.50

Reviewed by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

NO more attractive personality than Frank I. Cobb has appeared in our metropolitan journalism for the last twenty-five years. Modest and unassuming, of great personal attractiveness, a most engaging talker who delighted in conversation, he yet stuck to his last so steadily as to have no such standing with the general public as was his just due. Other editors might have their names displayed all over their employer's pages and might spread abroad the size of their salaries; Mr. Cobb neither blew his own trumpet nor permitted others to do so. Hence the extent of the blow to his profession caused by his premature death at the height of his powers has hardly been recognized, although Woodrow Wilson, in the last public statement he made, declared Mr. Cobb's death to be "an irreparable loss to journalism and to the liberal political policies which are necessary to liberate mankind from the errors of the past and the partisan selfishness of the present." There is therefore a genuine need for the volume compiled by Mr. Heaton. It is not only an admirable record of the man and his point of view, but it should be a permanent text-book of the art of sound leadership.

Comparisons are as odious in journalism as elsewhere. Hence Col. Waterson's declaration that Mr. Cobb was "the strongest writer of the New York press since Horace Greeley" has been widely challenged, especially by the partisans of Edwin L. Godkin, whose incomparable style has surely never been equalled, and those of Samuel Bowles and others. It should be sufficient praise to be able to say of any man that he was preëminent in the metropolitan press at the time of his death for qualities which reflected the greatest credit upon him. This is true of Mr. Cobb who stood above the rest because of his directness, straight-forwardness, and simplicity and because of his shining sincerity. Nobody was ever more devoted to the democratic ideal or championed it with greater enthusiasm. He gave to democracy no mere lip service nor was he to be won from his unfaltering devotion to republican institutions by the temporary eminence of a dictator or a plutocracy. He was so steeped in the American type of republicanism that nothing could dim his faith; no temporary failure of the greatest of experiments in human government, no refusal of an electorate to take the admirable advice he proffered it out of his rare political knowledge and his absolutely unselfish devotion to the public welfare. Picked for his job on the *World* by a great newspaper proprietor he had the inestimable boon of complete freedom of utterance. The chart of his course handed to him by Joseph Pulitzer coincided with his own views and thereafter his growth in knowledge and power and influence was steady.

That growth was the more remarkable because his own youthful background and his education seem to have lacked that completeness which is usually counted on to turn out a wise, broad-minded commentator upon human affairs. He was never able to go to college, nor had he studied conditions in other countries before he was called to his post on the *World*. His entire press experience up to that time had been thirteen years upon Grand Rapids and Detroit newspapers. That gave him a knowl-

edge of American conditions outside of New York which prevented his falling into that deplorable provincialism so characteristic of Eastern journalists. He was one of those rare men whose education never stopped. The whole process of editorializing spells education for him who practises it in the right spirit and with a due sense of responsibility, and Mr. Cobb had both the spirit and the responsibility. More than that he escaped the editorial writer's greatest danger—that of becoming too didactic or of seeming to be pessimistic by reason of his constant championing of new ideals which means incessant tearing down of the old.

If, as Mr. Ralph Pulitzer claims in his memorial volume, Mr. Cobb was a genius, his genius lay in politics pure and simple. Mr. Heaton has found no articles to reproduce which merit classification under the head of *belles-lettres*, and it is an interesting fact that his straightforward style is wholly bare of literary allusions and quotations—Kipling alone is cited in the collection of his writings before us. Quotation is a singularly deadly weapon for editorial writers when well used but it was not for Mr. Cobb's hand. Yet he could marshal facts in an extraordinary way and make them tell, as witness the skill with which he conducted the *World's* successful fight against all the great power of Theodore Roosevelt in the matter of the Panama scandal. I doubt if any press writer of to-day has a similar power to convince his readers. Yes, his field was politics, without any deeper philosophy underlying it than unswerving loyalty to the democratic ideal.

As for Mr. Cobb's liberalism, which Mr. Wilson stressed in his tribute to him, it was of the Grover Cleveland type. Had he lived, nothing would have been more interesting than his reaction to the newer and more radical developments of the day. He well knew that the conditions in this country need some more far-reaching cure than mere tinkering with railroad rates and anti-trust laws. In what seems to me the greatest of his editorials, that which appeared on December 5, 1920, entitled "An Antiquated Machine," he testifies to this fact. A more masterful indictment of existing political conditions was never penned, but it is not included in Mr. Heaton's volume and for some reason or other there was never any following up of the opening thus made, though a whole page of the *World* was given over to it. Indeed, I have sometimes wondered whether Mr. Cobb made as much use of the weapon of reiteration as he might have. Again, his was the liberalism which succumbed to the war mania in 1917. One of the most important passages in this volume is Mr. Cobb's account of his interview with Woodrow Wilson the night before he went to Congress with the war-message in which he foresaw that our entrance into the war would mean a death blow to liberalism and the wrecking of all his labors for a better and freer America. Mr. Cobb yielded not as fully as other liberals to the resulting war hysteria, though there is one editorial in this volume which might better have been left to oblivion. He also recovered more rapidly than many others and voiced appeals for free speech and free thought which did much to atone for his temporary apostasy to the things which he held dearest. His admirable addresses on free speech and public opinion are properly included in this collection of his writings and prove the earnestness of his desire to help undo the injury to our institutions to which his pen contributed during the war in the belief that the ends which the war were to attain were worth the sacrifice. Finally, the preservation of Mr. Cobb's essay on Woodrow Wilson is of great importance. No historian will be equipped to treat of that figure in our history without familiarity with this estimate from Frank Cobb's pen.

Spirits About Us

HAUNTED HOUSES. By CAMILLE FLAMMARION. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1924. \$2.50.

Reviewed by MARY AUSTIN

A NEW book by Camille Flammarion is a promise of entertainment. One may doubt if the distinguished astronomer knows as much of the movements of spirits as he does of planetary bodies, but there is no question that he knows how to write of the former in a way to afford you the suave satisfaction of the scientific frame of mind in which one approaches the latter.

M. Flammarion is also disarming in the naïve revelation of his faith in the existence of a spirit in

man, detachable from this mortal coil, and his amiable hope of being able to surprise it behind the phenomena of the haunted house. For that is the way he goes about it. Unquestionably there is a spirit in man. Here also are some fascinating and otherwise inexplicable phenomena; let us see if they cannot be made to explain each other. M. Flammarion's reputation as a scientist makes it possible for us to follow in this venture with the certainty of being able to meet either spirits or the lack of them without discomposure.

A little ruffling of the pages of his latest book, "Haunted Houses," demonstrates that what is called Psychical Research has traveled a long way since books of this character began to be published about thirty years ago. Up to the end of the nineteenth century, haunted house stories, even when fairly authenticated, embraced all manner of unearthly noises, drip of blood, clank of chains, as well as apparitions of many degrees of natural- and supernaturalness. But M. Flammarion's "hants" are mostly *Poltergeists*. They thump on walls, overturn the furniture, throw stones, and open and shut doors and windows. His apparitions are scarcely worthy of the name. They are, however, all such recent occurrences as to suggest that among ghosts too, there is modernism. Were the old stories all built up subjectively on the sort of instances that M. Flammarion records, and has the mind of man in becoming more aware of itself, reached a stage in which the subjective experience ceases to express itself in horrendous form? Or is there actually a new "psychic" force being released by the subjects to whom the *poltergeist* phenomena occur? For, without being able to offer the evidence, I feel certain that the great majority of the types of phenomena which are included in this collection, are not more than two or three centuries old. Suppose, as M. Flammarion would so evidently like to prove, that the described phenomena are produced as a result of some contact of the deep self of the subject with a discarnate being. If you lived in an age well furnished with belief in devils, angels, banshees, and such, then the subjective start might easily express itself in those forms, just as, modernly, it takes forms that can be explained by such ideas as ectoplasm, etheric projections, and the like.

M. Flammarion does not go so far back as the devil in his supposition as to the cause of the phenomena of haunting. He does, however, clearly state that in many cases he can find no connection whatever between the disturbances he describes, and any death. He also notes that in many cases the disturbance appears to be attached to the personality of some individual, most frequently at the age of adolescence, and ceases when that person is removed from the scene. One of his most interesting examples is the case of Stephen Phillips, the English poet, who took a house in the country for quiet work, only to find himself driven out of it by unaccountable noises, knockings on the wall, footsteps, choking, despairing cries, doors opened by invisible hands. Inquiry proved that the same thing had happened to former tenants; also that the house was supposed to be built upon the site of an atrocious murder. This was an extremely well authenticated case, as any one may discover by reading the *Daily Mail* of date.

Many more instances are given in detail of a similar character, often occurring in broad daylight, making victims of the officers of the law who have been called in to discover the supposed trick. It is, however, impossible to believe that very many of the phenomena cited can be the result of trickery.

The hauntings fall into three general groups: those which are associated with actual death either of the subject or some one near to him; those that seem to be attached to a personality by which the forces accountable for the disturbance are released: those attached to the house itself, showing themselves indifferently to one tenant after another. It is easy to see M. Flammarion would much rather believe that all the stone throwing and furniture upsetting is directly or indirectly related to a discarnate entity. But when he classes as spirit manifestations the noises that beset a gentleman so absorbed in preparations for his second wedding that he neglects the masses promised to his first wife, one feels that a psychoanalyst would be a help to him. For immediately on the performance of the mass, the noises cease and the furniture consents to remain in place. Then there are the copies of the Holy Scriptures which alone, of all the Abbé's books, are thrown down by the *Poltergeist*. Whatever else M.

Flammarion leads you to believe about his "hants," they are all good Christians.

Undoubtedly there are forces within the individual psyche of which we know next to nothing, to which the rappings and throwings may eventually be traced. But if the throwing of chunks of coal at policemen and the scattering of underclothing about a notary clerk's bedroom represent, to M. Flammarion, authentic attempts at spirit communion, then all one can say is that both M. Flammarion and the spirits are easily satisfied.

The Nightmare

By H. JEEWELLS

With apologies to H. G. Wells

"WHERE'S Erbut?" Father Jewewells's voice was querulous. Sunday tea was a formal function demanding full attendance. The lamp lighted the cozy little parlor behind the greengrocery shop. Uncle John Dewlap, on the hearth rug, puffed his pipe.

Entered Herbert, a stout boy of sixteen, rubbing his eyes, brushing back from his forehead a shock of hair.

"Been asleep," he mumbled. "Been dreamin'—all about wot they'll be doin' 'ere in Henglan' two thousan' years from now. H'I seen it plain. H'I was walkin' on a road made o' glass—glass all full o' bits o' gold."

"Hit's 'Eaven 'e was in!" ejaculated mother Jewewells. "Golden streets an' all! An' was there purly gates, Erbie? An' 'arps aplayin'?"

"Grass on both sides, all cut like in a park, an' flowers an' flowers. An' wite cows wiv grea' big dark eyes. An' grea' big helephants an' giraffes an' tigers, all among 'em, gentle as lambs an' not bitin' anybody, but all eatin' jus' grass."

"Zoologicker Gardings!" shouted Ernest, the younger brother.

"Garding of Heden!" grunted Uncle John. "D'ye see Heve?"

"Lots of 'em. Beautiful, they was, blue eyes an' everythink an' long golden 'air 'angin' down. An' there was Hadams, too, 'andsome like in th' cinema, hall o' them. An' all young."

"Whad they 'ave on, Erbut?" asked mother Jewewells suspiciously.

"Nothink at all. Nakid, they was," said Herbert, succulently. "Hit's always thataway in my dreams. H'I like 'em thataway. H'I'm werry partial to—"

"Ere, young man," said his father sternly. "Henough o' that! Wot was these people a-doin'?"

"Nothink," said Herbert. "Walkin' about, 'old-in' 'ands. Or settin' in graceful hattitudes."

"I s'pose them was th' haristocracy," said Uncle John. "'Ow about th' labourin' clawsses?"

"They warn't none," said Herbert, "Nobody done nuthink, iggsept make pitchers an' statoary or play music. Only some was doin' scientific re-surch, they called it, on their glan's, they said, to keep 'em young a thousan' years. Nobody done nuthink only wot was beautiful or wot they loved to do—like 'oldin' 'ands."

"'Ow can I tell you 'bout th' dream, if you keep a-naggin' at me?" asked Herbert plaintively.

"Go on," said his father, "'Ow 'bout their 'ouses?"

"They didn't 'ave no 'ouses of their own. They all slep' in kind o' pavilions like. Lot o' beds in rows an' rows—"

"Work'us, I say!" snorted Uncle John. "No privacy. No 'ome life."

"They didn't own nothink thei'selves," continued Herbert. "No property, nur money. Heverythink belonged to heverybody. Heverybody took wot they wanted."

"H'I say! Jus' grab wot you want an' run!" cried Ernest. "But 'ow 'bout p'leecemen?"

"Warn't none," said Herbert shortly, "No p'leece, nur laws, nur judges, nur gools."

"C-r-riper!" shouted Ernest, "Suits me!"

"No money? 'Ow'd they pay wages fur keepin' 'em flower-beds wed?" said Uncle John, the gardener. "Breakin' their backs weedin' flowerbeds!"

"H'I told ye on'y them works at anythink, flower-beds an' vegetable gardens, as works fur love," said Herbert irritably.

"Ho, yuss! Amachoor gardeners!" snorted the professional. "H'I've seen 'em! Drop o' sweat'll kill 'em same as salt on a snail!"

"Ain't they no shops whur they sells like us?" queried the greengrocer parent.

"No, thur ain't," said Herbert, "nobody don't buy, nur sell. Hit's all free. Jes' stroll along, 'old-in' 'ands, an' take wot you want an' thank ye."

"Is these 'ere people married?" queried mother.

"No. Ain't nobody married. Jus' lovers."

"H'I knew it! W'en you said 'oldin' 'ands, H'I knew it! Shameless 'ussies!"

"Then thur ain't no babies," announced young Ernest.

"Lots of 'em," said Herbert, "'Eaps an' 'eaps!"

"'Ow's that?" gasped mystified Ernest.

"'Ere, you shut up, Ernest! You be seen an' not 'eard," commanded his father.

"An' they keeps 'em all together like a norphan 'ome. An' they're all good. Jus' sing an' play an' pick flowers all day. Never cry nur nuthin'."

"'Erbut! 'Erbut! Oo taught you to pivaricate like that?" sorrowfully, Mrs. Jewells.

"'Bout this 'ere no p'lecceman business," said Uncle John, "'Ow do they keep order?"

"They don't never make no disorder. They're all so well educated."

"Ho, yuss!" snorted Uncle John, "H'I've seen 'em! Young Hoxford gents. Werry horderly, h'I'll say! Tain't no, young man! More education they got, more kinds o' devilment they're up to. H'I've see 'em! Raisin' 'ell!"

"'Ow'd they all get so 'andsome like?" put in father. "Where's all the hugly ones, like your Uncle John?"

"They weeds 'em out," said Herbert. "They looks over them kids onct a year careful an' picks out all the crooked ones an' the squint-eyes and jus'—jus'—disposes of 'em."

"Disposes of 'em, 'ow?" pursued the relentless parent.

"Knocks 'em on the 'ead—gently like."

"Gor-a-mitey!" roared Uncle Dewlap, "Jever 'ear th' like! Knocks 'em on th' 'ead, they do, these 'and-'oldin', runabout-nakid, amachoor gardeners! Knocks 'em on the 'ead! Gently! Oh, my Gawd! An' I suppose they does the same to th' old folks. Ho! werry nice! Werry nice!"

"Yuss," said Herbert, unrelenting. "Once't a year everybody 'at's forty years old, if they ain't a great scientist, or a great painter or sumfink, gets in a procession, all singin' like anything an' they marches out to a kind o' park an' kneels down an'—an'—"

"An' these 'ere 'andsome young 'and-'olders knocks 'em on the 'ead, I suppose," said Uncle John, as calmly as he could.

"You see," said Herbert, "they don't mind it. Hit makes everybody 'at's left so 'appy not to 'ave a lot of—of—decreppid 'ole people around. So they're glad to sackifice 'emselves for the good of th' youman race."

"So in two thousan' years," said Uncle John, "th' youman race won't want no proputtu, nur money, nur clothes, nur gittin' married, nur 'omes, nur livin' private, nur children in the 'ouse, nur old fathers an' mothers. Men won't need no encouragement for workin', like wages an' educatin' their children, an' layin' up for a rainy day, an' livin' retired on their savin's."

"An' women'll be 'appy wivout no clothes, nur 'usbands, nur fathers for their children. An' they won't want no nuss 'em, nur 'ave 'em 'ome, nur take care of 'em w'en they're sick, nur see 'em grow up."

"All they'll want, men an' women, 'll be jus' runnin' 'round 'oldin' 'ands and makin' love promiscus like. Seems to me, young Erbut, that's all these fine new youman bein's of yours 'll get out o' life. This 'ere 'and-'oldin' an'—wuss. Seems to me, all this fine new civilization of yours is aimed for to satisfy one animal happetite."

"Now, Erbut, my son, youman bein's 'as been 'ere for 'undreds of thousan's of years, an', so far's I can learn, youman nature ain't changed much."

"Now wot I arsts you is this—even in two thousan' years, how'd all this change come about? Erbut Jewells! 'Ow'd they get that way?"

Uncle John paused at the height of his oratory. Herbert looked from one face to another. His eye swept the room. Everyone, everything had roots reaching far, far back into the remotest past.

"H'I don't know," faltered Herbert.

"Good boy!" said Uncle John. "No more don't nobody. Now, you're a bright boy, Erbut. You go on wiv your schoolin' an' study 'ard an' some day, oo knows, maybe you'll write a book. You stick to wot you knows about—youman nature, as it is—an' you'll be all right. But don't go havin' no more of these 'ere nightmares that you nor nobody can't iggsplain nur justify."

—CHRISTOPHER WARD

The BOWLING GREEN

A Sea Shell in Normandy

YOU first see Mount Saint Michel from the toy railway train at St. Jean-le-Thomas. You know then that what you have always heard was true. After lunch at Genêts you drive across the sands at low tide, in a cart pulled by two horses. On a grey afternoon, with opal stormclouds coiling in the West, the wide floor of the bay lies wet and bare, shining all silver and fishbelly colors. The rock of Tombelaine sprawls like a drowsy mastiff on guard. You feel that if you stroked the warm granite chine he would rise, stretching, and fill the empty day with a yawn of thunder. In all that clean vacancy, framed in the blue scabbard of Normandy and Brittany, the holy boulder rises, a pinnacle of stone jewelry. The great ramps are rusted with tawny lichen. Tiny gardens niched among the steep zigzags are bright with flowers. With the genuine thrill and tingle of the pilgrim you climb, cricking your neck at the noble sheer of those walls and struts that lean upward and inward to carry the needle of the spire. Pinnacles rally and burn aloft like darts of flame. You can almost feel the whole roundness of earth poise and spin, socketed into this stony boss of peace. You think of the Woolworth Building. How nice if that too were sown with clumps of pink and yellow blossom, and had blankets of green ivy over its giraffe rump.

Your mind travels back to the tough and pious men who carried their stones here and built their little Eden of escape: an Eden so shrewdly scarped that apparently even the fifteenth century Old Bills of England cursed and withdrew. You imagine the pilgrims of the middle ages plodding the sands from Avranches—occasionally losing one or two of the party in a quicksand—and their heavenly exult as they ached at last up the steps of the "Grand Degre" and saw through the dark archway that wide hearth shouting with flame. Yet perhaps mere pilgrims were not allowed to draw near the giant fireplaces of Saint Michel? That ruddy warmth that gilded the groins of the pillars, was it reserved for the abbot and the upper clergy? (You saw, I hope, those great columns in the crypt, where the veins of stone rise to their task as smoothly, as alive with lifting strength, as the cords of a horse's haunch.)

—One wonders a good deal about the mediæval pilgrim. Was he welcomed and warmed and refreshed, or was he pillaged? Probably the souvenir vendors lay alert for him, as they do to-day. And was there a mediæval Veuve Poulard, down by the barbian, with an omelet waiting hot in the pan, a bottle of wine cold in the cellar? At any rate many a whole ox must have crackled in those vast hooded chimneys of the abbey; and the warrior abbot could throw his bones out of the window on the *goddams*, hustling to get their bombards back to Tombelaine before they were caught by the tide.

So you people this divine old miracle of stone-work, just as you have dreamed beforehand of a still living shrine with candles by the altar, and small shrill choirboys in scarlet, the flutter of surplice and *soutane*, and dark bells calling across the sandy estuary. Then, as you are taken through in squads by a *gardiën*, you realize that this noble sanctuary is dead. It is no longer a church, but a monument, under the care of the Ministry of Fine Arts. The abbey is only a shell: there is not even a chance to pray. The State, with skilful devotion, has saved and repaired the hull; but it is only a hull. There if anywhere, lifted above the quicksands (how often the old abbots must have improved this moral in their discourses) one would be eager to whisper some small silly petition in honor of man's magnificent hopes. But it is not expected. The old fonts are dry, the altars naked, the tall aisles bare as a February forest. The casket of stone filigree is empty. The imprint of the spirit is there, just as those leagues of sand are ripple-patterned by this morning's ebb. But it is only a print, a fossil. The sea has gone out. Even the tiniest parish church, with its Tariff of Marriages: (a First Class Marriage 50 francs, a Second Class Marriage 30 francs, a Third Class 20 francs) is in some sense more inwardly alive. The Mount is not even an island any more: they've built a *digue* that brings autobuses and toy trains from

Pontorson. It is a shrine, a miracle, a testimonial of man's horror of the world and his fellows; but its beauty is the beauty of death, purified, serene, at rest.

You drive away across the luminous mirrors of wet beach, you see that exquisite profile shift and alter until it is a scissored peak on sky. You may walk the ebb-sands of the world forever and not find so lovely a shell. But it is only a shell, and in its whorls and passages a faintest echo of the sea.

Must it always be so, one thinks, lighting up the pipe of penitential Scaferlati? Perhaps there is always something a little dead (I don't defend this figure of speech, but I like it) about the old masterpieces? Glorious and terrible, don't they say to us that we are not to be dismayed by their beauty but to recreate our own masterpieces for ourselves? The other day I read Alfred De Musset's gorgeous little fable "Histoire d'un Merle Blanc": one of those fiery trifles in which the French genius seems at its most native: under the guise of tender and naïf simplicity such a clear ember of satire. My first thought was that De Musset's adorable little dagger in the heart should have made (if it had been heeded) so many later books unnecessary. So far as it bears on literary manners it clicks the latch today as neatly as it did seventy or eighty years ago, and might have spared us many editorials in the newspapers. I laid it down with the despairing happiness that any student feels on reaching the end of a perfect thing: for I could imagine how happy was the Infant of His Century when he finished it. He had reached one of those rare and perfect moments the artist lives for. He had done it, and knew it was good.

Yet it all had to be done again—and has been. And I remembered, Mont Saint Michel reinforcing it, that these things must always be done over and over; that there is no durable pause even in the most perfect pinnacles that overlook the sea. Here and there a pilgrim will be bogged in a quicksand, or get caught by the tide. But some will reach, for a one night's reverence, the shrine where the dragon of despair grinds under Michael's heel. They chant their private prayers and penances, they get out the illuminated manuscripts, they sing their sacreds, they make their mirth. They roast an ox in the fireplace, and throw the bones through the window where the critics are haling their heavy bombards through the sand.

—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

The Man Who Vanished

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE. By AMBROSE BIERCE. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1924. \$2.

CAN SUCH THING BE? The same.

VAN WYCK BROOKS, Robert Morss Lovett, Albert J. Nock, and John Macy, in "The American Library," attempt a thoroughly revised selection of those who should be our classic American authors. Already published in this series are Melville's "Redburn" and "Israel Potter," Christopher Columbus's "Journal," Harold Frederic's "Theron Ware" and the above two volumes of Bierce. Other titles are in preparation.

Bierce has of recent years somewhat come into his own. The Neale Company published his collected works. His best stories are in anthologies. He is known as a master of the tale of terror, as well as being a brilliant and scathing journalist of a bygone day. His work in fiction was for a long time accorded far less recognition than it deserved.

"In the Midst of Life: Tales of Soldiers and Civilians" is the best-sustained of the above two volumes. "Chickamauga" is as unforgettable a picture of the horrors of war as "The Red Badge of Courage." "The Coup de Grâce," as well as the more famous "A Horseman in the Sky" and "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge," is a masterly ironic tragedy. Of the tales of Civilians, "A Watcher by the Dead" is particularly notable.

The stories in "Can Such Things Be?" do not maintain nearly as high an average. There is, of course, that classic of terror, "The Damned Thing." There are the extremely brief but extremely effective "One Summer Night" and the war story, "A Tough Tussle." And several other tales are unusual. But a number of the stories are both badly constructed and ineffective. Bierce was by no means invariably a master of the "tale of terror," though always an unusually imaginative writer. He was also, almost always, a remarkable ironist.



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Books of Special Interest

Criminal Problems

THE DRAMA OF THE LAW. By JUDGE EDWARD ABBOTT PARRY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1924. \$2.

WHEN THE COURT TAKES A RECESS. By WILLIAM MCDADOO. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by JOHN CARTER

THESE two works, the first by an honored luminary of the English bar and the second by the Chief City Magistrate of New York City, reflect in a striking manner the diverse criminal problems which confront the great empire and the great republic of the Anglo-Saxons. Neither of them is a text book or written for lawyers. Both are intensely interesting in their own right and each will attract a large and catholic public. The chief distinction between them lies in the manner in which they approach their subject, and in this manner, as has been stated, reflects the individual problems set the law in English and American civilization.

Justice McAdoo writes of these problems from a professional, Judge Parry from an artistic angle. "When the Court Takes a Recess" contains a series of articles, reprinted from the *New York Evening Post*, outlining the effect upon American society of the drug habit and of the pistol, to which are appended a series of essays, chiefly pastoral in vein, in which the court actually does take a recess with obvious relief and the reader discovers Justice McAdoo's delight in the Maine countryside and his sensitive reactions to human and other stimuli. The whole is informed by a personal experience that includes having "been held up by highwaymen, run over by an automobile," having "turned an ankle on an icy road, fallen from a high tree, been lost in the northern woods, had many escapes and much toil and great joy, and benefit beyond words in the exercises that begot the little sketches in this book."

But it is Justice McAdoo's trenchant, vivid and broad-minded exposition of "Narcotic Drug Addiction as it Really Is," "The Pistol: the Curse of America" and "The Theater and the Law" that best show the author in his particular field. He reveals an unstable industrial society where crime goes by "waves," where the poison stream of narcotics finds little resistance in recruiting the criminal type, and where the criminal can with ease obtain a pistol to enforce his demands on society. He discusses crime from a sociological viewpoint, regarding the law as an instrument for bettering this incoherent society of "crime waves," "drug menaces" and "lascivious plays," and for each has a lawyer's remedy: Federal laws, world cooperation, more policemen, censorship. In short, "When the Court Takes a Recess" considers a society in transition, discusses some of its ills and prescribes appropriate remedies. No one who has heard the police whistles shrilling, the rattle of revolver shots, or seen, stretched in some obscure doorway, the bloodless, youthful "gorilla" victim of some trivial boot-legging, grafting or gangfeud—phenomena that have become part of the night's work for the undermanned American police—can fail to be impressed by the American magistrate's clear-sighted analysis of the conditions or to approve his pertinent suggestions, expressed, as they are, in telling, forceful and beautifully precise English.

Nevertheless, it is a relief to turn to the pages of "The Drama of the Law," where the court takes a recess not in delivering *ex-cathedra* exordia or in shaking off the dust of the bench and taking to the road, but in traversing with tolerance and enthusiasm the by-ways offered by the law itself. For Judge Parry writes of crime from the viewpoint of a more mature and stable civiliza-

tion, one of whose proudest boasts is the fearless impartiality of its courts and the swift, unsentimental operation of its inflexible justice, where the law is an instrument for the repression of violence and is not charged with the transformation of society. It is a society rather ignorant of "crime-waves," "dope-fiends" and homicide made easy by unregulated traffic in lethal weapons. It is a society in which the criminal is an individual rather than a class. With no specific evils to attack and no remedies to urge, Judge Parry is free to amuse himself with that individual whose abnormality brings him into conflict with the law.

He writes a book of criminal law for its own sake, much akin in spirit to De Quincey's "Decline of Murder as a Fine Art." Treating of crime as a dramatic art, in a well-chosen and admirably-told series of tales of famous legal cases he indicates the affinity between law and drama, after an introduction which nicely points out that

the Napoleon touch, the boldness, the success of a great criminal make an irresistible appeal to our instinct of hero worship. We keep the lives of the saints upon our shelves, but we burn the midnight oil studying the biographies of sinners.

The author makes a convincing case for the rightness of the human instinct that fascinates the public with the news of sensational crime. What Justice McAdoo might assail as an unwholesome catering to the baser instincts, Judge Parry accepts as a rational public diversion, urging that:

No doubt there are exceptional weak, sensual and feeble-minded persons who should not be allowed to read either truth or fiction. But to normal men and women the study of human nature in recorded trials ought to be a valuable and stimulating exercise.

After these thoughtful citizens have endorsed Justice McAdoo's views on pistols, drugs and the theater, with unctuous civic virtue, and have agreed that "they ought to pass a law about it," they will turn with delight to a work which assumes that, no matter what may be their views on federal, state, municipal or world ordinances, crime-waves and the like, they are human enough to be interested in the transcendent selfishness, vanity and adventures of the great criminals in three centuries of English jurisprudence, and may, without shame, take joy in reading accounts of the same, as told by an authority as wise, witty and urbane as Judge Parry.

A comprehensive work covering a little chronicled field, that of French art in the sixteenth century, has just been issued by Etienne Moreau-Nélaton (Paris: Laurens). "Les Clouets et Leurs Emules" is in three volumes, the first of which is devoted to lives of French masters of the period. Though facts concerning them are few, M. Moreau-Nélaton has succeeded in giving these artists personality and reality. The second volume, which is very fully illustrated, takes up separately each important collection of drawings, while the third presents a *catalogue raisonné* of extant drawings and paintings of the period. The work is of great importance to the student of French sixteenth century art.

General Max Hoffman, who is best known to the Anglo-Saxon world as German military representative at the Brest-Litovsk convention, has just published a volume of reminiscences, "Der Krieg der Versäussten Verlegenheiten" (Munich: Verlag für Kulturpolitik), which tends to show that all did not run as smooth with the German war machine as appeared on the surface. General Hoffman was stationed throughout the war in Russia, and his chronicle reveals that the policies employed there were frequently at cross-purposes. Students of the war will find much of interest in his book.



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A French View

JANE AUSTEN. By LEONIE VILLARD. Translated by VERONICA LUCAS. With a New Study of Jane Austen by R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1924. \$4.35.

MISS VILLARD'S book is new testimony, if new testimony be needed, to the quality of Jane Austen's genius. For here is a critic of alien race and association as appreciative of the quiet Englishwoman's rigidly circumscribed portrayal of society as were ever the commentators of her own nation. Miss Villard, indeed, is at pains to stress the fact that it is by reason of having been able to transcend the bounds of the local and specific by displaying in them the universal that Jane Austen has written her name among the immortals. She points out, as all critics before her have pointed out, that Miss Austen made her unexciting stories interesting for all time by the faithfulness with which she depicted the unchanging aspects of society—the play and interplay of human interests, and the follies and foibles, as well as the stabler traits, of human nature. The sprightliness, the humor, the nice appreciation of the "involvements" of character that have made Miss Austen's work in Howell's word "adored" of her admirers have impressed themselves upon the French critic and are analyzed by her with care and understanding.

Her interpretation on the whole presents little that is new, but its orthodoxy takes on fresh interest from its emanation from a non-English source. Mr. Johnson, who sets forth revolutionary views in a long introduction which precedes Miss Villard's discussion, would have us believe that her point of view squares with his own in believing that Jane Austen's work was a criticism and reproduction of art, not of life. She does, it is true, share his opinion that contrary to general belief Miss Austen owed much to her reading of books, but, whereas he maintains that the novelist derived the primary inspiration for her romances from a desire to prove the falsity of the art of her fellow writers, Miss Villard goes no further than to say that she read them to discover what faults to avoid in her own narratives. In other words Miss Villard very fully accepts the orthodox belief, given currency by the author herself, that Miss Austen wrote not to improve or enlighten but

merely for the joy of telling a story and depicting the life of the English countryside which she knew and loved.

Mr. Johnson's thesis, that "the foundations of Jane Austen's genius were not realistic, but were built upon a close study of the conventions of romance," is based upon a study of "Love and Friendship." It involves the admission that the two cardinal assumptions of all past criticism of Jane Austen, the first, "that she was exceptionally modern in her realism; an observer and showman, whose work was based on the study of human nature;" and the second, "that no writer of equal genius ever owed so little to her predecessors; knew or cared so little about books," are fundamentally untrue. In support of his contention Mr. Johnson quotes allusions scattered throughout her works to other romances, and endeavors to show how throughout her career, though her sympathy widened and deepened with the years, it was the critic-parodist who from the youthful exuberance of "Love and Friendship" to the mature art of "Emma" ruled supreme in Miss Austen. He has not convinced us. We cannot but believe that Jane Austen's novels sprang from a profound interest and delight in the life about her, rather than from a desire to demonstrate how unreal it had been presented in the fiction of her country. Nevertheless his argument is interesting, as is Miss Villard's more general study.

"Von Bismarck zum Weltkrieg: Die Deutsche Politik in den Jahrzehnten vor dem Kriege," by Erich Bradenburg, which has recently appeared in Germany (Berlin: Deutsche Verlagsgesellschaft für Politik und Geschichte), is perhaps the most comprehensive work on German policy during the quarter of a century preceding the World War yet to be published. Based on a study of published archives and on records for the years 1899-1914 not yet published, it presents an exhaustive, and considering its German authorship, a remarkably unbiased survey of the aims and relations of Germany in regard to the other Powers of Europe, and casts much light on the attitude of the Kaiser toward his ministers and toward foreign Governments. Herr Bradenburg has not attempted to gloss over facts, though he displays a natural tendency to lift from Germany the responsibility for the war; he leaves the Government and especially the Emperor in unfavorable light.

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THE RIGHT PLACE. By C. E. MONTAGUE. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1924. \$2.50.

WHOEVER has fared forth in holiday humor to taste the joy of travel or has known the quieter delight of journeyings remembered in tranquillity will feel his pulses beat to the brave spirit of this book. It is a gallant book, full of high adventure, quick with the zest of living, sturdy for all its ready enthusiasm, and mellowed now and again by a wistfulness that creeps almost unawares into its exuberance of mood. Its adventures, to be sure, are wholly of the mind and soul, but the gusto is there that makes of living a hazard of fair fortunes and of life a quest capable of who knows what enchantment. The Alps, touched with the sunset glow, dawn from the roof of Milan cathedral, the lazy reaches of the Venetian lagoons, the roaring streets of London, or Liverpool with its bottled tides alike call forth in Mr. Montague a rapture of remembrance. But there is a steady flow of thought, a seasoned philosophy of life to add substance to his abandon, and there is always a graceful and engaging style to give savor to his comment.

"A Book of Pleasures" Mr. Montague calls his volume of essays, but it is in a way also a book of melancholy. For shot through all the warp of its rejoicing is the recurrent realization that a glory has departed from the earth, and that the bloom of delight is off the world for the generation that knew the agony of conflict. Here is the literary expression of that commonplace in the experience of all of us—that breach between all that went before the war and all that came after that has thrown the recent past of youth into the perspective in which only old age normally sees it. We have no doubt that Mr. Montague before the war was as lustily proclaiming the wrongness of the world as the best of his fellows. But now "That was the time to be young," he tells us, and we think of Shelley and Byron and their own time when "to be young was very heaven."

Well, the gods be praised, a new generation has already come into the world that knows nothing of the pain of battle, and that when it reaches maturity may find Europe as delectable a place to ramble in as does Mr. Montague's fancy. And the rest of us can rejoice in being able to recapture something of our own vanished ardor in the contagious delight of his recollections.

American Folk-Lore

LEGENDS OF TEXAS. Edited by J. FRANK DOBIE. Austin, Texas: Texas Folk-Lore Society. 1924. \$2.50.

Reviewed by LEONIDAS W. PAYNE, JR.

TEXAS affords a rich field for the folk-loreist. Though one of the younger states in settlement by Americans and admission to the Union, it has a background of Spanish missions and of Mexican and Indian occupation which gives it a long and romantic history and a rich inheritance of legendary and traditional lore. The Texas Folk-Lore Society has been doing good service in publishing various

papers and studies presented at its annual meetings, and now it comes forth with a beautiful and substantial volume of 280 pages. The editor, Professor J. Frank Dobie, formerly of the University of Texas and now of the Oklahoma A. & M. College, is the secretary of the Society. He is a native Texan and knows the life of the ranchman and farmer as well as that of the urban classes. He is devoting his best energies to the study and preservation of the literature and lore of the earlier and later frontier periods, particularly as the material relates to Texas life and history.

Forty of the ninety-four legends are concerned with Buried Treasure and Lost Mines. Professor Dobie has prefixed to this extensive group a scholarly "Inquiry into the Sources of Treasure Legends in Texas." The other groups are: Legends of the Supernatural; Legends of Lovers; Legendary Origins of Texas Flowers, Names, and Streams, and Miscellaneous Legends. Besides Mr. Dobie, who has collected more legends than any other person and who has edited the whole volume with many elucidating introductions and footnotes and references to sources and historical parallels, there are thirty-five other contributors.

The collection is valuable to the worker in pure literature as well as to the historian. In the volume will be found color and incident and background for poem or essay, short story or novel, dealing with the great southwestern section of our country. "Legends of Texas" will do for another section of the field of western folk-lore what John A. Lomax's "Cowboy Songs and Ballads" and "Songs of the Cattle Trail and Cow Camp" have done for one type of the folk-songs of the great plains.

Essays on Dickens

DICKENS'S OWN STORY. By SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1924. \$3.00 net.

A COLLECTION of papers contributed to the *British Weekly*, these essays while adding nothing new to Dickens criticism are interesting as presenting the opinions of a scholar and an enthusiast whose eyes despite his admiration for his subject are open to the defects of his greatness. Sir William has in several instances taken as his point of departure the works of others on Dickens, and enlarging on some particular statement, furnished side-lights on the personality and the life of the novelist. Particularly interesting is the chapter in which he summarizes Dickens's relations with the original of Dora Spenslow in "David Copperfield," a love affair recounted in the privately printed "Charles Dickens and Maria Beadnell ('Dora'): Private Correspondence between Charles Dickens and Mrs. Henry Winter," edited by Professor George Pierce Baker. Interesting, too, if hardly more than a suggestion, is Sir William's attempt to prove Kipling in "Kim" "a pupil in the school of Charles Dickens." This discipleship he bases on a similar uniform gentleness of temper, on a like ability to evolve a character out of simple elements, and on specific parallelisms of episode between "Kim" and certain of Dickens's novels. His comparison is ingenious if not particularly convincing. His book as a whole makes pleasant reading.

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Here on Beacon Hill we select with much thought and consideration the books that we recommend to you. It was in 1837 that this firm began business under its present name, although its origin goes back to 1784, and we of today are constantly reminded of the fine nineteenth-century traditions upon which the business was developed. Parkman, Bartlett, Mahan and Sienkiewicz are but a few of the famous names upon its roll, while the twentieth century has added the books of Mary E. Waller, Jeffery Farnol, E. Phillips Oppenheim and A. S. M. Hutchinson, and the later works of Mary Johnston and Stephen McKenna.

Our Spring list afforded a foretaste of the good things to come later in the year: Cosmo Hamilton's delightfully frank account of his varied career⁽¹⁾—an entertaining autobiography, if there ever was one; Constantin Stanislavsky's story of life-long devotion to the art of the theatre,⁽²⁾ a book which should have its readers as long as the drama has its devotees; the first one-volume edition of the poems of one of America's most original geniuses,⁽³⁾ Emily Dickinson, whom W. P. Dawson, the English critic, chose, with Edgar Allan Poe, to represent American poetry in his anthology; the life of Olive Schreiner,⁽⁴⁾ one of the first and most enthusiastic workers for the greater freedom of women, written by her husband.

Our list of new books for the Summer and Autumn contains books for every mood and taste—books entertaining, or useful, or stimulating. On August 15th we shall have a book about the animals in the circus menagerie⁽⁵⁾ by Courtney Ryley Cooper, who has held almost every circus job, and whose "Under the Big Top," published last year, stands, thus far, as the best book which has been written about this fascinating topic. We shall also publish on August 15th a new series of books for boys and girls,⁽⁶⁾ which consists of some of the best of our books for children (together with one new book)—long-established favorites which have been repeatedly endorsed by librarians, now reprinted in new type of good size, illustrated in color by famous artists, handsomely bound and reasonably priced.

A glance farther ahead shows that we shall publish on September 6th a book by America's newest popular humorist⁽⁷⁾—a book which any one who has played bridge or mah-jongg will relish. Mr. Hellman is one of the new generation of American humorists that has arisen since the passing of Mark Twain; it is quite fitting that he should have a place in the one-volume anthology of American humor⁽⁸⁾ that we shall publish in October.

Of our September 26th publications, Clyde Fitch's life and letters⁽⁹⁾ will interest you; so will Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's autobiography,⁽¹⁰⁾ in which the creator of Sherlock Holmes tells of his many-sided life and his recollections of notable people; while you will find that William Almon Wolff has taken George Kelly's successful comedy, "The Show-Off," and has written, not an ordinary novelization of a popular play, but a serious, realistic story of American life.⁽¹¹⁾ On October 10th we shall publish: Sir Charles Hawtrey's autobiography,⁽¹²⁾ in which that irrepressible child of fortune drops the character of prevaricator, which had fallen to him to enact so often on the stage, to tell The Truth at Last; an estimation of contemporary drama in Russia⁽¹³⁾ by Professor Leo Wiener, of Harvard, in which he does violence to many ideas concerning the relative values of Russian drama which have become current in the past few years; and the first representative collection of the plays of Henry Arthur Jones,⁽¹⁴⁾ that sturdy pioneer in the renaissance of the English drama, edited by Clayton Hamilton.

Finally, in November, we shall publish a new novel from the pen of Mary Johnston,⁽¹⁵⁾ a story of the slave traffic in Colonial days, in which there is ample scope for Miss Johnston's acknowledged mastery of color and movement in words; and a two-volume biography of one of the most beloved authors in the English language.⁽¹⁶⁾ This is, at last, the inevitable critical study of one to whose life and character an almost idolatrous reverence has been paid. Without detracting one tithe from the justly-high regard in which Stevenson's literary achievements are to be held, Mr. Steuart lifts the veil which has obscured his life and character, revealing the true historical perspective of the real person of this great man in English literature.

We believe that the readers of *The Saturday Review of Literature* will find the new list of LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY'S publications indispensable in keeping abreast of the world of literature.

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Baroja's Latest

DIVAGACIONES APASIONADAS. By PIO BAROJA. Madrid: Caro Raggio. (New York: Brentano's). 1924.

Reviewed by HARRIET V. WISHNIEFF

THE FOREIGN reader, and especially the one whose aesthetic preparation is English, needs to cultivate a taste for Baroja as for alligator pears. With Azorin and Valle-Inclán he stands at the head of the novelists of his generation in Spain, and many consider him the greatest. Yet the general impression of his two most recently translated books, "The Quest" and "Weeds," was one of indifference or dislike. (To be sure, the translation added not a little to their exotic air.)

The subject matter alone was not responsible for the dismayed feeling the books left, even among the meagre number of their readers in English. We have our own submerged tenth, and on their vicious side all large cities must be distressingly uniform. More than the facts it was the attitude of the author toward them. With the impassivity of a camera lens he recorded what he saw, suffering, vice, squalor, abjection, without reticence or sentimentalizing, yet with a wealth of odd humor. The plot, moreover, was rather disbevelled, its various threads not so much crossing as intertangling, which gave it a certain resemblance to our familiar movie serials. Queer, extravagant characters were introduced, as from a conjuror's hat, only to disappear again as inexplicably. While they lasted many of them were highly diverting, but within the concept of an ordered novel they had no rôle.

Returning to the alligator pears, however, once the taste has been acquired, nothing in modern Spanish literature can quite compare with Baroja. One enjoys him in any style, because his flavor is independent of the fashion in which he is served. Whether as novelist, essayist or dramatist, he is always the same amiably cynical, absurd, indifferent spectator of this stream of life that goes rushing, muddling by. His novels are often essays, and his essays with slight touches could be easily transformed into novels—several of them are just that.

A frankness which borders on the cynical, and which runs the gamut from a lyricism the romanticists would have approved, to an outspokenness the naturalists would have envied, is the secret of Baroja's charm. He reminds one not infrequently of the child who comes in when there is company and tells all the family secrets. But he is quite as candid about his own difficulties and deficiencies, his failures and disappointments as about those of society in general and Spain in particular. Can one ask a man to be respectful of the conventions and pleasant lies with which civilization surrounds itself, if he asks no such quarter for himself?

In all his writings he professes a disdain for all established values, strips history and culture of their accepted categories, and from the point of view of the first man passes judgment anew on creation and creator. He continually refers to himself as a savage, and this attitude gives to everything he says a peculiar freshness, mingled with a certain air of weary indifference. For the savage preserves his imperturbability in the face of phenomena which should seem to him miracles. Baroja is sometimes exasperating in his judgments, ridiculous in his conclusions, but never stodgy, never dull. More often than not, his happy lack of blinders permits him to see with noon-day clearness century-old prejudices and errors which are accepted unthinkingly or as inevitable.

But his iconoclasm—except perhaps for his hostility toward the Catholic Church—is incidental and never an objective. No propagandist is Baroja. He sits idly on the bank, pointing out with his little stick this and the other incongruity or injustice in the passing stream, but without excitement, never changing his posture, except now and again to relieve his rheumatic joints.

This latest volume of his is made up of three lectures. The first, on himself and his work, was given recently at the Sorbonne; the second, setting forth his ideas on culture and civilization, was delivered four years ago in Bilbao, and the third, on Catalonia, fifteen years ago in Barcelona. The second, "Divagaciones sobre la Cultura," is the longest and most ambitious of the three. It is an orderly—for Baroja—study of the influences which have shaped European culture, their future implications,

and finally the aspects of the problem with reference to Spain. Though by far the most scientific, for those who read Baroja not for what he says but for the way he says it, this essay may be a little dull. The author is sometimes lost from sight under the mass of authorities and quotations he adduces to sustain his contentions. He is at his best when he confronts Spain's particular problems.

Foreign Notes

THERE has recently been issued in Milan (Mondadori) a volume by Alfredo Panzini, in which that delightful writer and keen observer recounts in informal fashion experiences at the front and behind the lines during the years 1915-1918. His "Diario Sentimentale dal Maggio 1915 al Novembre 1918" presents his observations as he noted them down at the time, and reflects the events and moods of the period through the medium of an ardent spirit. The war, and its effects upon his country, left Signor Panzini in frank consternation and perplexity; the sacrifices of the battlefield, the spirit in which the nation accepted them and lived its life at home, the character of journalistic comment all united to confound him. But his diary, if it shows a soul at sea, shows as well the workings of a fine mind and an excellent literary talent.

To the already extensive literature on Händel has recently been added a new work which must henceforth rank among the most valuable upon the great composer. Hugo Leichtentritt's "Händel" (Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt) is a notable study, one third of which is devoted to biographical material and the remainder to analyses of Händel's work. The author's comprehensive knowledge of the music and life of the eighteenth century and his understanding of the problems that confront the musicians of the present lend to his bulky volume genuine significance.

The ninth volume of Alfred Stern's monumental "Geschichte Europas von 1848 bis 1871" has recently been issued from the press of the Gotta'sche Buchhandlung Nachfolger (Berlin). The work, which covers the years between 1860 and 1866 is characterized by the same impartiality as marked its predecessors in the series. It is concerned chiefly with the internal conditions of France, the final period of Cavour's work, and the Polish insurrection, and closes with the beginning of the Bismarck régime and the wars of 1864 and 1866. In addition to published documents Dr. Stern has drawn for his material upon Berlin and other German archives and upon private collections.

In his latest volume, "Cloches pour Deux Mariages" (Paris: Mercure de France), Francis Jammes has united two simple tales, almost "moral tales" in their intent, which have a decided, if rather naive, dignity and occasional descriptive passages of genuinely distinguished writing. The first of the stories, "Le Mariage Basque," introduces as background the life of the Basque peasants among whom M. Jammes lives, and its portrayal of this austere, industrious, and religious people is well done. The second and slighter story, "Le Mariage de Raison," is apparently also drawn from life. It is the chronicle of the life of a *petit fonctionnaire's* family, and of the romance of his daughter, a romance which ends in disillusionment and a marriage of convenience.

A French publisher, Eugène Figuière, and M. F. de Joannis have embarked upon a unique philanthropy. They have formed an association entitled Les Vacances du Poète and have requested that anyone who is so inclined send in contributions of money to be applied to the expenses of a holiday for a poet. Anyone subscribing five francs or over is entitled to designate the poet to whom he wishes the award to be made. The prize is to go to that writer who wins the largest number of votes. The leading contestants up to a recent date were Alexandre Mercereau, B. de Nyse, and P.-N. Roinard.

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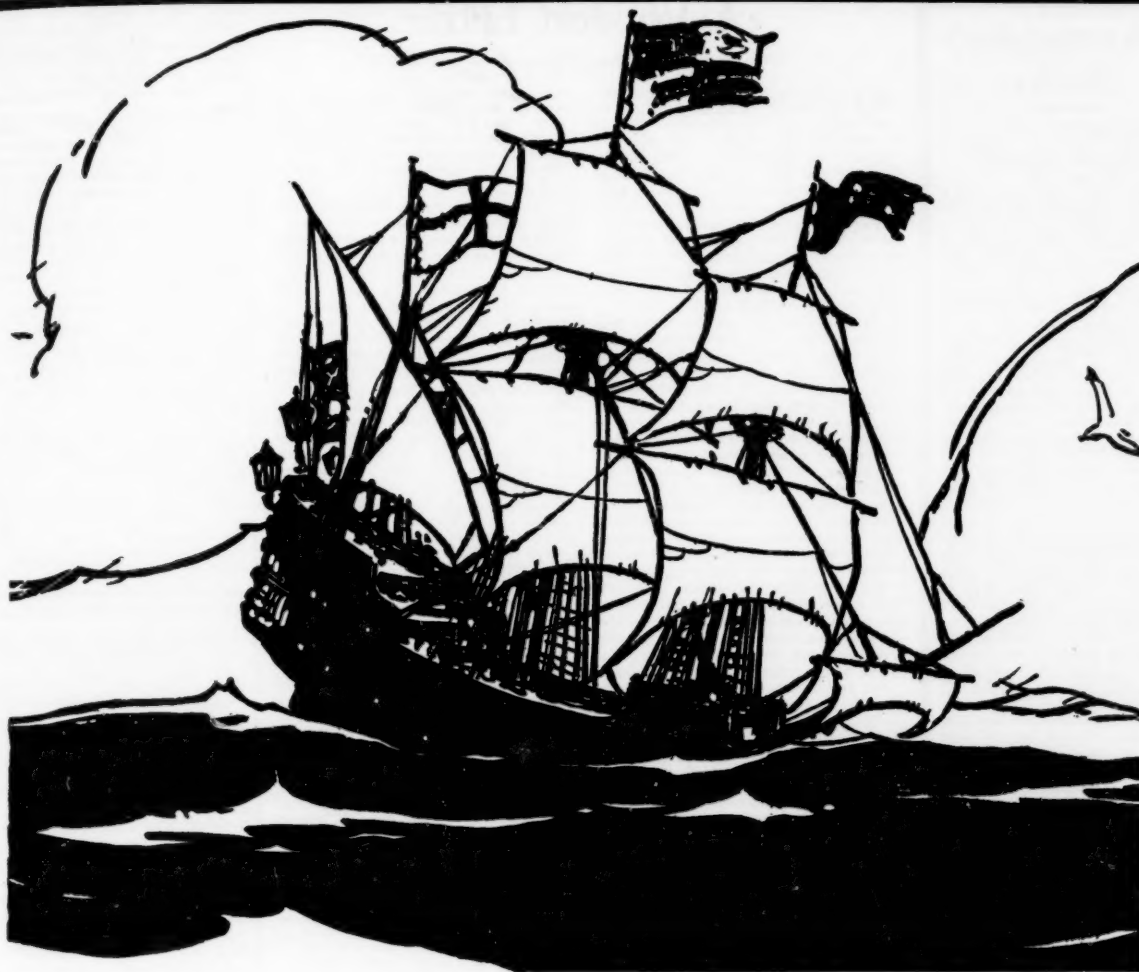
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The Saturday Review of Literature crosses a new horizon in bookdom. A weekly review devoted solely to the best in literature, and edited by Dr. Canby and his associates fulfills many of the dreams of book-lovers. This *Review* is pioneering of the finest kind and in this spirit of things, we shall make a venture of our own.

Each week, in this *Review*, next to *The Phoenix Nest*, William Rose Benét's column of news about books, we shall have a column telling about our own books. Our column won't be altogether an advertisement, it will be half that and half news column. Nor will this space be crowded with many books. Our Fall List, the most interesting we have had in many years, has many titles. We can't hope to list them all each week and do justice to them. Therefore we shall take one book a week and tell you about it in a new and interesting way.

Watch for our first column which will appear by *The Phoenix Nest*, next issue.

The ship illustration in this advertisement was drawn by Gordon Grant for the Flotilla Edition of Henry Culver's *The Book of Old Ships* which we are publishing in October. We shall be glad to send you a copy of our new Fall 1924 Catalogue describing this book and our many others. Friends of ours in the book trade have been good enough to tell us that from the points of view of typography, design, illustration and interest, ours is one of the finest publishers' catalogues ever issued. A post card addressed to our Advertising Department will bring you a copy of this interesting guide to new books.

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THOMAS SELTZER

5 West 50th Street, New York

A London Letter

By HAMISH MILES.

ONCE in seven years or so, even the most suspect clichés of book-reviewers actually turn out to be true. Yes, it does occasionally happen that Mr. X's novel "once picked up can hardly be laid down," that Mr. Y's biographical study proves to be "as enthralling as any work of fiction," that Miss Z "amply fulfills the rich promise of her first slim volume." Such events deserve recording. And of the present summer's publishing season, it may safely be ascertained that it has produced that rare creature, "a book which for many years has been eagerly looked forward to."

I mean (and am tempted to say "of course") Mr. E. M. Forster's new novel, "A Passage to India," which has just been issued by Messrs. Arnold. For many years: because the last novel from Mr. Forster's pen, "Howards End," appeared so long ago as 1912. Eagerly looked forward to: because—well, because Mr. Forster's place among the contemporary English novelists is unique. He has neither striven for, nor received, the plaudits of the circulating-library subscriber, but his readers (without being in the least esoteric or precious about it) are a faithful, convinced, and coherent group, bound to each other, rather as devout Austenians are linked, by rare, intangible sympathies, a common recognition of certain fine and delicately marked standards in life and literature. Whatever else he may be, Mr. Forster is surely the most dependable of our novelists. The tranquil discrimination of his mind could permit the publication of nothing which was not fashioned with an ample and deliberate artistry and the graph of his achievement (if such a line may, like the Equator, be postulated for convenience's sake) has been mounting steadily towards a masterpiece. And in "A Passage to India" that point has been touched.

It would take more space than a newsletter like this can afford, to examine the action, and the profound implications, of this strangely moving story of present-day India; and as the book is due for American publication in the near future, there is scarcely need to do so in these columns. But it would be wrong not to record its appearance, and its justification of all the hopes raised by a twelve-years' silence. Mr. Forster's publishers here, it is worth noting, are on the point of issuing a uniform edition of his three early novels, "A Room With a View," "Where Angels Fear to Tread," and "The Longest Journey," long difficult to obtain; and it may well be that he is now to enjoy a far wider recognition of his peculiar genius than he has hitherto enjoyed. No one will deserve it more.

For the rest, this midsummer has been as sparing of masterpieces as most. But the explorer has certainly not been without rewards. Among novels, for instance, he will have done well to discover "The Spanish Farm," by R. H. Mottram (Chatto & Windus), a first novel marked by a grave, almost architectural care in the form of its composition, and a sober restraint in diction which accord admirably with its peculiar setting and symbolism. Mr. Mottram has dared to write a "war novel." But the particular ground he has broken is one which, in this country, has been left almost untouched. The picture he has painted, in moving and singularly exact detail, is of the life of a civilian population in the war zone, during and immediately after hostilities. His terrain is French Flanders, a country which has certainly not been more sympathetically described in any modern English novel, and his topography must still be intimately familiar to many thousands on this side of the Channel and on the further side of the Atlantic. But from the main rank of "war novels" this book stands apart. Soldiers and soldiering form, not its theme, but only a hurrying, incalculable, phantasmagoric background, against which there continues, with outward changes and inward sameness, the immutable rhythm of a deep-rooted peasant life. The heroine, Madeleine Vanderlynden, is a closely observed type of Flemish *hoorin*, but in Mr. Mottram's hands she becomes much more. In her character (yet without underlining his moral) he sees a symbol of profound misapprehensions in the political drift of Europe during the past few years. When the war was over and the great armies scattered

... she became a portent. Statesmen feared her or wondered at her, schemers and the new business men served her and themselves through her, while philosophers shuddered. For she was the Spanish Farm, the implacable spirit of that borderland so often fought over, never really conquered. She was that spirit

that forgets nothing and forgives nothing, but maintains itself, amid all disasters, and necessarily. For she was perhaps the most concrete expression of humanity's instinctive survival in spite of its own perversity and ignorance. There must she stand, slow-burning revenge incarnate, until a better, gentler time.

With these words ends a really noteworthy piece of serious fiction.

And then, among the known names, there were new works lately from Aldous Huxley and from David Garnett, both personages whose appearances, like Mr. Forster's, are quite truly "eagerly looked forward to." But in this letter it may be better to record another first book as one worthy of any conscientious explorer's attention, and this time in verse: "The Flaming Terrapin," by Roy Campbell (Jonathan Cape). Of Mr. Campbell I know nothing beyond the facts that he is a South African by birth, and that he has been painted with appropriate energy of expression by Mr. Augustus John. But his long poem under this curious title is emphatically an achievement, storming along with a torrential energy (for the greater part in rhymed five-foot iambics) in a way to which the "slim volumes" of half a hundred "Georgians" had disabipated our ears and senses. It is hard to think of any young poet hitherto introduced to us who has let loose so overpowering a spate of consistent poetic eloquence as his preface piece: to match the sonorous and grand-scale composition of "The Flaming Terrapin," one would have to go back to the first flaming promise of the late Stephen Phillips. . . . but abate omen!

Nor should one overlook a smaller but most excellent delight which has graced midsummer. The predestined cliché for it, one might hazard, would be "long overdue." For at last we are provided with an ample documentation, theoretic, practical, and ornamental, of one of the greatest institutions of English life—the Week-end. Strange that this great social usage, insidious solace of the Anglo-Saxon races, despair and mystery to the Latin, should so long have remained un-anthologized! But now the Non-such Press has provided "The Week-end

Book," one of the oddest and most entertaining volumes one could lay one's hands on. "A sociable anthology" is its descriptive sub-title; and for a curious student, a century or two hence, of the social habits of England to-day, how delectable a find it may be!

There is first of all a literary section: "Great Poems," selected to supplement the orthodox anthologies; "Hate Poems," a miniature encyclopedia of poetic invective; "State Poems," a most diverting processional with some peculiarly choice samples of Laureated ode-manufacture; and then a variety of songs, rounds, ballads, chancies, and the like, complete with tunes. And follow various most readable chapters of advice and odd information concerning games, food, drink, first aid, and so forth, set down in a mood of nice conceit, and much of it nearly as pleasant in the reading as venturing on the hardships and risks of real active week-ending. It was a skilled hand with the pen, for example, which wrote this paragraph on Syncope:

When Syncope (fainting) is imminent, let the sufferer clasp his head between his knees and the crisis may pass. Should unconsciousness supervene, keep the head low, loosen the clothing and hold to the nose smelling salts or burnt feathers. It is pleasant and fitting that the patient celebrate the first moment when he is able to stand upright by partaking of a fluid ounce of brandy or whisky. Sal Volatile should not be withheld on grounds of principle.

And we should be lastingly grateful for the text of such rich Cockney ballads as—

*The old baby farmer 'as been executed,
It's quite time she was put out of the way,*

*She was a bad woman, it is not disputed,
Not a word in her favour can anyone say.*

Or—

*I'm a man that's done wrong to my parents,
And daily I wonders about
To earn a small mite, for my lodging at night,
Gawd 'elp me, for now I'm cast out!*

Are not these haphazard extracts enough to show that the "Week-end Book," though it may contain much that is inapplicable to American habits and climates, is at least a volume for those who love oddities? And excellent browsing for the dog-days. . . .

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

ARTHUR B. DAVIES. Essays on the Man and His Art. The Phillips Publications. Number Three. 1924.

Mr. Duncan Phillips has been rendering a real service to American Art in publishing from time to time these monographs upon the work of some distinguished American painter with beautiful reproductions of the work of the artist. The Davies volume is expensively presented in perfect taste. It is the first comprehensive study of the art of Arthur B. Davies, and, in a labor of love, Mr. Phillips himself, Mr. Dwight Williams, Mr. Royal Cortissoz, Mr. Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., Mr. Edward W. Root, and Mr. Gustavus A. Eisen, have collaborated in a symposium upon the merits of this painter. Though Davies' career, says Mr. Phillips, "has been a series of journeys into one artistic camp after another . . . he . . . at the present time selects Greco as the most significant teacher of the most important principle of pictorial art, namely, 'rhythmical coordination of line, form, color, light, all the elements involved in the making of an emotional design.'" Cortissoz finds that Davies has "beaten out his own style" and possesses an "extraordinary sense of beauty and a clairvoyant sympathy for human life. Each writer contributes a new point of view in the consideration of this artist and the book possesses authority as a commentary upon his life and work.

Belles Lettres

GREEK HISTORICAL THOUGHT: FROM HOMER TO THE AGE OF HERACLITUS. Edited by ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE. Dutton. 1924. \$2.

This is an even more valuable book than its companion volume of Greek literary criticism, also just published. Mr. Toynbee's introduction deals with the essential characteristics of Greek historical writing, especially with its evidential quality, as being written by men who themselves were in almost every instance active participants in public affairs. He has also some illuminating remarks upon the proprieties of translation. The book itself is an attempt to present by pertinent quotation from significant authors, chosen from a literature that stretches for a thousand years, the "profoundly moving repetition of human experience on the heroic scale." To this end Mr. Toynbee has assembled not merely the expected passages from the standard historians, but also contributions from poets, scientists, philosophers who dealt with fundamental Hellenic ideals. The excerpts are grouped under such headings as "The Philosophy of History," "Pride, Doom, and the Envy of the Gods," "Evolution," "Law and Causation," "Argument and Observation," "The Art of History"—a list which indicates the scope of the book.

GENTLEMAN INTO GOOSE. By CHRISTOPHER WARD. Holt. 1924. \$1.50.

Mr. Ward's parodies of contemporary American fiction have won him an enviable reputation. Louis Untermeyer as a parodist of modern poetry and Ward as a parodist of modern prose offer a keen commentary on modern writing particularly valuable at the present time. In "Gentleman into Goose," Mr. Ward furnishes us with a parallel rather than a parody. He has written Mr. David Garnett's "Lady into Fox" the other way round. This time it is the male who suffers the transformation, offering material for lively satire. "Worthy to be had in all families for a warning to wives and by all bachelors intending marriage." The "wooden engravings" by C. W. and C. W., Jr., that illustrate the book, are take-offs of a most amusing sort, and Mr. Ward has adopted Mr. Garnett's adopted style with a large measure of success. The cover of the American edition of "Gentleman into Goose"—strangely enough it first appeared in book-form in England—does not please us quite as much as that of the English edition but the general appearance of the volume is charming. This is a sprightly trifle—or trifle—which should appeal to all genuine admirers of Mr. Garnett's original narrative.

WILLIAM BLAKE. By S. FOSTER DAMON. Houghton Mifflin. \$10.

THE GARDEN OF FOLLY. By STEPHEN LEACOCK. Dodd, Mead. \$2.

THE SO-CALLED HUMAN RACE. By BERT LANTON TAYLOR. Knopf. \$1.25.

GREEK LITERARY CRITICISM. By J. D. DENNISTON. Dutton. 1924. \$2.

This is a collection of significant extracts from dramatists, philosophers, poets, and rhetoricians from the 5th century B. C. on to Lucian in the 3rd century A. D. The book is another contribution to the growing series of classics in English designed to satisfy the curiosity of a modern world which wishes to know what the Greeks and Romans actually said without learning their languages. Mr. Denniston's selections illustrate both the depth and narrowness of Greek literary criticism, and his lucid preface sums up its history and its characteristics. The Greeks were little interested in criticism as such. It was the question of how useful poetry was to the state, how a prose style could be formed, how an orator could be made, how to attain sublimity, how adequately to imitate a classic that seemed to them worth discussing. Hence they wrote either very dull analyses, when the critic's mind was dull, or, as with Aristotle, brilliantly drew forth general principles widely applicable. The most modern passage in Mr. Denniston's book is the famous debate between Euripides and Aeschylus in Aristophanes' "Frogs," which is the earliest in point of date. As one reads on, the concern with form rather than spirit becomes more and more evident, until we descend into the depths of ornamental rhetoric from which the modern languages are but just recovering.

The Greeks, says Mr. Denniston, were more interested in prose than in poetry, but this may be a fallacy due to the nature of what has survived. They were intensely conservative, always praising that which had just become antique. They were more concerned with technique than with spirit. Their theories failed often to square with the best practice of their own writers. Both for its strength and its weakness many a modern critic who talks glibly about the Greeks would do well to read for himself the criticism—apparently representative in content—contained in this very useful and interesting book.

Fiction

AN ASTRONOMER AT LARGE. By A. G. THORNTON. Putnam. 1924. \$2.

Here is a light novel of considerable merit. The pace is a canter, the manner of writing amusing, the flavor of the different episodes very pleasant. After discovering Neptune B. Edward Joslin decides to stop being an astronomer and take a flier in real life. He wins at the races and falls in love with a pretty lady. By a masterly campaign, assisted by the frailties of human nature, his sister finally wins him back to his old home with her and he loses his lady forever.

This man's last state is worse than his first. Mary has, at least, her straying husband again in America; but Joslin has nothing but his original hermit life now shadowed by his loss of Mary. And whatever Joslin has learned from life hasn't proved of the slightest use to him. Frankly, the author jolted us with serious disappointment by his ending. It is certainly a most "proper" ending, and probably it is the ending most true to real life; but the book is fifty per cent slightly romance of a very engaging kind, and we regret being let down at the end. Moreover Mary, by her own statement, was "not a good woman," yet there is no proof of this throughout the entire story. She could hardly help her husband deserting her. In this respect the author seems to us quite unfair to Mary.

We carp to this extent, and also to the extent of remarking that such a chapter as "Ninety Minutes of Life," though vivid and amusing in itself, is quite extraneous.

Chapter IX is the high point of humor in the story, to our mind. The older men in the story are handled pungently, Mr. Jennings and Mr. Marriott. The scene, "Love on a Balcony" has a great deal of charm. And there is no purpose served in breaking such a butterfly of a book upon the wheel of too drastic criticism. The book's title, we may remark, however, is too near to Storck Clouston's. And the narrative, while both attractive and clever—at times extremely so—is not quite first rate.

PROUD FLESH. By LAWRENCE RISING. Boni & Liveright. 1924. \$2.

The author of "She Who Was Helena Cass" is not a stylist. Neither has he, in this story of old San Francisco, written what his publishers say "will eventually be called

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THE HEPTAMERON. By MARGUERITE, QUEEN OF NAVARRE. Translated by Arthur Machen. Knopf. 1924. \$4.

This new volume in The Borzoi Classics is notable because of the literary eminence of the translator of the sister of King Francis's immortal tales of the pilgrims to Senance. It seems hardly necessary to say that Mr. Machen has rendered the old French into accurate and beautiful English. His work is based upon the most complete and authentic French edition and is the first complete English version ever made.

DEEP MEADOWS. By MARGARET RIVERS LARMINIE. Putnam. 1924. \$2.

Mrs. Larminie's reputation as a novelist is already considerable in England and this latest work from her pen should serve to bring her into greater prominence in this country than she has yet achieved. For "Deep Meadows" displays an ability of more than slight order; in shapeliness of plot, power of psychological portrayal and adroit craftsmanship it rises far above the ruck of fiction of the season. Mrs. Larminie has a nice understanding of the springs that lie below the surface of action, and the power to convey a mood without enlarging unduly upon it. She has, moreover, a coherent purpose in her interpretation, and to firm a grip upon her material, that her incident, even where it approaches the sensational, bears directly upon her analysis of character. Her book could have stood some compression, but, if it is at times unduly long drawn out, it yet never sprawls.

The study of a woman for whom love is all existence, "Deep Meadows" takes up the tale of its heroine's life at the moment when she has determined to slough off the shackles of an unhappy union and snatch the love that seems to offer the romantic fulfillment which marriage has not vouchsafed her. Fate interferes to prevent Mary Russell's breach of the conventions and sends her back to a husband for whom she no longer feels anything but indifference, sends her back bereft of the affection on which she had been building a castle of dreams but even in the moment of her bereavement a woman for whom it is evident life must still hold love passages.

It is on Mary Russell that interest is concentrated from the first page of the novel to the last, and it is in the slow but consistent evolution of a nature to which the act of loving is more essential than the object of love itself, that Mrs. Larminie demonstrates her understanding of human conduct. Through her first ill-fated passion, her resigned and indifferent wifehood, her evanescent infatuation for a spineless young *poisur*, and her deeper love for the man who eventually works her husband's ruin and the deliverance of her soul, to the placid affection which at the close of the book holds out promise of substantial happiness at last, Mary Russell moves with convincing reality. Her character is developed through a succession of delicate strokes, and with a freedom from sentimentality all the more notable in that the very essence of her being is emotion.

In her portrayal of masculine nature Mrs. Larminie proves herself hardly less adept than in that of feminine. She has penetration, the ability to project herself into a mood, and a saving restraint that even at the most dramatic moments of her story—and it has almost sensationally dramatic moments—keeps her from exaggerating an emotion or a reaction. Where she least succeeds in her portrayal is in the depiction of Mary Russell's daughters, vague figures used solely to develop their mother's traits. And in the person of Caleb, true friend and devoted lover, she has produced hardly more than a stock figure. Yet on the whole her book is good, so good as to rouse eager expectations for her next.

VIRGINIA'S WILD OATS. By F. E. BAILY. Bobbs-Merrill. 1924. \$2.

This is a good tale of the hot-weather variety, light, entertaining, and, since it is virtually a succession of short stories carried on the thread of characters that appear in all of them, easy to put down and take up in the inconsequential days of a summer vacation. Very mild were Virginia's wild oats, but they yielded a plentiful crop of incident, and furnish considerable amusement in the narration. Young, beautiful, and

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Miscellaneous

THE BOOK OF THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE. Vol. I edited by A. C. BENSON and LAWRENCE WEAVER. Vol. II edited by E. V. LUCAS. Stokes. 1924. \$50.

Readers of the English newspapers have been aware for the past months of the immense pains that were being spent by many of the foremost representatives of the British Empire on the preparation of The Queen's Dolls' House which is on view at the Exposition now in progress at Wembley. A double purpose was to be served by this miniature depiction of a royal home of the twentieth century; it was to embody the homage of a people for a beloved sovereign and it was to preserve for posterity the fashion of living of the present. The house as it stands, drawn to the scale of an inch to a foot, embodies in Lilliputian form the most carefully planned mansion which the genius of England could produce; from basement garage to top floor it is complete in equipment, all of it wrought by master hands with an amazing fidelity to detail and regard for convenience. Anyone who has ever pored in fascinated interest over the reconstructed models of the museums will have no difficulty in anticipating the delight of future generations in so perfect a portrayal of the domestic scene as the Queen's Dolls' House will afford. Only its people are lacking, and the reason for the absence of all figures except those of the sovereigns and their guard are persuasively set forth in the whimsical chapter on the "dolls of the Queen's Dolls' House" which E. F. Benson contributes to one of the two volumes describing the miniature residence.

These volumes are themselves books of quite exceptional interest. Published in limited edition and sumptuous format, they present a narrative and pictorial record of the Dolls' House in its every aspect. Perhaps the most interesting portion of their chronicle is that devoted to description of the library, a superb room, containing an array of pictures made for the occasion by some of the most noted artists of Great Britain, and of diminutive books specially written by hand by its most celebrated authors. From kitchen to parlor the Dolls' House is described, its various features being discussed by different pens. Like the residence itself the books should prove a source of delight not only in the present but in the future. They should prove too a valuable accession to the shelves of general libraries and a delightful item for the collector.

Poetry

RANDOM RHYTHMS. By RODNEY BLAKE. Publishers Press Publishing Co. (342 Madison Ave., New York.) 1924.

Mr. Blake affects, in general, the exceedingly brief spasmodic line, often breaking an ordinary line of verse into two or three parts in this way and presenting an otherwise ordinary meditation with the briskness of a stock-ticker quotation. Occasionally the human situation described in his verse is of interest, but his technique is jerkily monotonous. We find little originality in the themes he chooses or in his treatment of these themes.

A HALF CENTURY OF SONG. Edited by GEORGE MEASON WHICHER. 1924.

This is an anthology of Hunter College verse. Hunter College is maintained by the City of New York for the free education of young women residing within its boundaries. Helen Gray Cone has been instructor of English there since 1899, and Amelia Josephine Burr was graduated from Hunter College in 1898. Some of the verse of both Miss Cone and Miss Burr (Mrs. Carl H. Elmore) distinguishes this collection. Otherwise we do not find a great deal that attracts us very strongly. In the last section, "Additional Selections," is preserved Mr. Whicher's own "On First Looking into Stedman's 'American Anthology,'" an excellent bit of light verse, followed by some undergraduate light verse of a rather amusing order.

Travel

BY THE WATERS OF EGYPT. By NORMA LORIMER. Stokes. 1924. \$2.50 net.

Miss Lorimer disarms whatever criticism the captious might make of her book on the ground of its impressionism by admitting that she writes not as a student or old acquaintance of Egypt but as a casual traveller whose comment represents merely personal reactions plus the information to be garnered from more scholarly volumes than her own. Presented in the form of letters, her narrative is in truth the sort of chronicle that the intelligent and assiduous traveller would be apt to send home, except that it has evidently been whipped into literary shape in hours of leisure. It is a fresh, spontaneous account, shot through with enthusiasm, presented with no little fluency and charm, and containing considerable enlightening comment on manners and customs. But it is frankly the book of an amateur, and as such is pleasant rather than far-reaching.

PORTSMOUTH ROAD. By CHARLES G. HARPER. Hartford, Conn.: Edwin V. Mitchell. 1924.

The long and crowded history of England has invested every nook and corner of the "right little, tight little island" with story and incident, and nowhere has it more thickly sown interesting episode than along the great thoroughfares of the country. The Portsmouth Road, "the sailor's highway," runs seventy-one miles from London suburbs to Portsmouth. Along it in the past went the stagecoach traffic that in days when highwaymen infested the roadside presented perils a-plenty for the traveller, and over it in the more peaceful present still rolls a steady tide of travel by motor car and bicycle. Mr. Harper has followed the course of the highway in his pleasant volume with a mind open to its clustering associations, and sprinkling his pages liberally with story, description, and quotation, has produced a narrative of considerable flavor. His close-packed pages introduce many of the names known to the history and the arts of England, reflect now a quaint custom of bygone days and now a dramatic incident, and compress into small compass much curious information. The text is illustrated with a number of interesting photographs and with some charming sketches by the author.

An interesting addition has been made to the already large number of volumes on Strindberg by Birger Mörmers "Den Strindberg Jag Känt" (Stockholm: Bonnier). Count Mörmers was a friend of Strindberg's from his college days to the writer's death, and his book contains many sidelights on the poet's private life. Its chief value, indeed, lies in this intimate comment, and in the letters and documents it incorporates.

At a meeting of the Femina Vie Heureuse Committee of England held a short time ago it was announced that Percy Lubbock's "Roman Pictures" has won this year's Femina Vie Heureuse Prize. Mr. Lubbock's book consists of a series of sketches portraying not so much the visible city as the Rome that lives in the minds of its admirers, the Rome of history, poetry and fancy. It is the Rome largely of the foreigner, and is presented through the medium of delicate yet vivid vignettes of alien residents, mostly British.

Arthur Waley is editing for the publishing house of Ernest Benn a new series entitled "Kai Khosru Monographs on Eastern Art," the first volume of which—"Sassanian Art," by Joseph Orbelli of the Hermitage Museum, Petrograd—will be ready in the fall. Each volume in the series will contain some seventy plates, with an introductory essay.



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Points of View

Emily Dickinson

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Certain critics of my recently published life of my aunt, Emily Dickinson, have accused me of covering up significant facts, drawing the curtain on scenes that the public had a right to witness, of "calmly ignoring whole swathes of important crises." In view of this criticism and the discussion which has arisen from it, I should like to emphasize very explicitly the quality of Emily and the nature of the life that she led.

Emily died nearly forty years ago. For the last score or more years of her life she did not so much as cross the lawn to her only brother's home. Those "swathes of important crises calmly ignored" by her neglectful biographer, Emily herself declares—"occurred to her alone."

When one remembers that she wrote hundreds of poems and thousands of letters, each one with its live spark of wit or truth, one begins to realize how little time she had left even for the strict daily routine of the New England household economy in which she played her unswerving part.

The evil of "keeping back her letters to her Sister Sue" has also been cited, quite regardless of the fact that the entire volume entitled "The Single Hound," now incorporated in the new "Complete Poems," just issued, is made up of precisely those notes—as is also the chapter, *A Hedge Away*, in the "Life and Letters." It would seem apparent that living all their lives, as they did, only a strip of lawn apart, with our mother rarely from home except for some flying trip to New York or Boston with our father, to see famous pictures or hear exceptional music, there was small excuse for diffuse correspondence.

The thirst for "particulars" in regard to Emily's love story reminds one rather maliciously of Mrs. Poyer,—who confessed she "always turned over to the end to see what they died of and if their legs swelled."

What more do they want to know,—unless it be the name of the man she loved, and his street and number? Was asked of a certain brilliant author very much under Emily's spell.

"They want to know if he kissed her,—and where!" was the exasperated retort.

"They are blaming you for being reticent," another wrote. As if mendacity were preferable!

That Emily loved, was loved, went on loving, in spite of time or separation, is too difficult, too natural, too noble perhaps for the prevalent emotional agility of our day to comprehend.

Another critic has regretted that charming as the picture is as it stands, it lacks the harsh side, the egotistical, selfish Emily dragged ruthlessly to the front. Then and only then would one get the truth indeed. But alas! the pitiful truth is, there was no harshness in Emily, and her selfish egotism is best portrayed by her shy habit of saying "My Sister Sue says"—then would follow her own inimitable *mot* or sentence. Often and often we heard one exclaim, "That was such a brilliant thing you said to Emily"—and watched our mother's amused smile before she replied, "Of course I never said it,—it was Emily's own."

She must have been vain and egotistical of course,—even if she did request that all her work be burned unread,—and selfish too, with her family adoring her and her friends hoarding every scrap she wrote to them and a public ready to publish at her nod,—of course she must have been,—genius always is, it has to be, and it is the loss of those who "Must know All" that there is no worst to give them. Perhaps she was not a genius after all, if nothing detrimental can be discovered or invented upon which to base her claim.

There may be many essays written about her and her work,—it is eagerly to be hoped there may be, but no other life save her own as she lived it can ever be truthfully written. Those "important crises in the life of the Amherst poet" exist solely in the curiosity of the unimaginative, from whom Emily's spirit seems to run in death as her feet would have fled them in life, and who fail to conceive that

*The soul selects her own society,
Then shuts the door.*

Just as the greatest drama acted by the greatest actor turns the audience into the actor, so the plain statement of the outwardly uneventful life of my aunt leaves her readers at liberty to imagine her according to their own power of fancy,

Her own notion of "the pursuit of happiness" seems not to appeal to those from whom she differs, and all the worst about her appears to remain that there was no worst to exploit. It is disappointing to admit there was no jealously guarded mystery, no scandal, no vulgarity, nothing sensational. It was all helplessly true and simple and mighty. It is too bad of genius to behave like this,—to present no spectacle to such as crave to "exchange portentous inference"—too bad to treat the unsatisfied curious, to whom one evening alone is anathema, to such unrewarding realism. But it should be taken into account that Emily never set out to be either a genius or a recluse; doubtless her life expanded imperceptibly after the plan of her Creator, and to many of us a soul is apt to remain a phenomenon apart,—even Matthew Arnold in his wisdom asking desperately—

*What heart knows another?
Ah, who knows his own?*

In the face of which our critic sums up, "Whatever she was, though, is yet to be fully explained."

God forbid!

MARTHA DICKINSON BIANCHI

A Bohemian Library

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

In the vicinity of Avenue A and East 74th Street in the City of New York, there are domiciled over fifty thousand Czechoslovaks, the highly intelligent and talented natives of Bohemia. Just at this point is their civic and social centre where their countrymen from all over the city gather for discussions pertinent to their welfare. The nave of this centre rests in the Webster Branch of the New York Public Library which they call the building of knowledge, adventure, and romance, for ten thousand precious volumes in their mother tongue are housed therein.

This collection represents the renaissance of the Bohemian language as well as its literature, which was so willfully destroyed in the year 1620. As one of the oldest states of Europe, Bohemia's literature, we are told, dates back in its antiquity to Greek and Latin, but heedless of its value, the order to destroy it was scrupulously carried out.

It takes more than centuries to burn away the memories of one's heritage,—the language or the printed word; and thus when Joseph Dobrovsky, called Bohemia's patriarch of Slavic philology, began an active campaign to retrieve the fragments of her lost literature, many rare and cherished volumes, which had been hidden in chimneys, buried in fields, carried to other countries in secret, were discovered and collected,—meagre remnants which saved a noble language from utter obliteration.

Through the resourcefulness and the understanding of Miss Zaides Griffin, librarian of the Webster Branch for many years, this City has one of the largest collections of its kind (free lending) in the world, including the most complete library of Czechoslovak music in the United States. The grammar of the retrieved language is still incomplete, but the folk-lore and music have always lived in the hearts of the people, especially among her artistic peasantry, to whom is very largely due the rescue of its elementary philology and many of its creative arts.

To many American artists, writers, and composers, this collection is a wealth of data and inspiration. From the "Source Book of Folk Songs," many musicians other than Novak, have received their theme; and among the splendid musical works are the full orchestral scores of her great "tone poets," Dvorak and Smetana, including Smetana's original opera score of "The Bartered Bride."

Charming are the folk tales and lore tucked between the covers of the Czech "Lid" and the "Tales of Nemcovna." The travels of Christ and his irrepressible companion, Peter, hold a very prominent place in Bohemia's tales, and there are none among the stories of Grimm, Anderson, or *Æsop* that are richer in charm and humor than those to be found, in the mother tongue, among the old, old stories in the corner of this collection reserved for little children.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to Mrs. BECKER, c/o The Saturday Review.

A Balanced Ration for Week- End Reading

A MAN IN THE ZOO. By David Garnett (Knopf).
SAINT JOAN. By Bernard Shaw (Brentano's).
STUDIES IN MURDER. By Edmund Lester Pearson (Macmillan).

AS WE were saying when last we met in print, a column holds only so much, and most of the letters that come to the Guide must be answered by mail anyway. But when they must all be answered so, as they have been during the last eight weeks, the heap on the desk grows too high for opening remarks. So, without further parley, here is a fine one to begin with—

Two young people in Pennsylvania are planning a wedding journey in Europe, to take four or five months, and ask for general guidebooks and "delightful travel books" for England, France (especially Paris), Switzerland, Holland, and Belgium.

SOME of the new books on the art of travel are so rewarding that they should be set down before beginning this list. "The Happy Traveller," by Frank Tatchell (Holt), has tricks of travel that no other book sets down so pleasantly. Nor can any road list afford to leave out "The Right Place," by C. E. Montague (Doubleday, Page), "a book of pleasures delicately related, a pattern for the right frame of mind to take abroad." Another that anyone would like but that one with a family along would treasure, is Cornelia Stratton Parker's "Ports and Happy Places" (Boni & Liveright), which is as near to taking the trip in person as a reader is likely to come in print.

As for guidebooks, two favorites, taken abroad for many a season, have just been issued in new editions, rewritten and brought past the changes of the recent eventful past. One is the celebrated "Satchel Guide to Europe" (Houghton Mifflin), forty-fourth edition, thoroughly revised. The other is Stedman's "Complete Pocket Guide to Europe" (McBride), first issued in 1869, now revised and including the Scandinavian and Baltic countries and Southeastern Europe. "Planning a Trip Abroad" is a practical little book published by McBride. There are of course all the Baedekers, of which "Switzerland" (Scribner) is especially good, but the latest and to my mind the most satisfactory regular guidebooks are Findley Muirhead's "Blue Guides" (Macmillan) which provide this trip with volumes for "England," "London," "Belgium," "Paris," "Northeastern France," and "Switzerland." They are uncommonly good for literary associations, but as it is on just that point that so many inquiries come to the Guide, it is good to find that a book has just appeared devoted to this in particular. It is "The Places of English Literature" (Stratford), a literary guide to the British Isles by Alice Bidwell and Isabelle Rosenstiel, good for use in travel or as a reference work for school or home.

Put "The Lookoutman," by David Bone (Harcourt, Brace), into the steamer trunk, or better yet, keep it in the hand as you go up the gangplank: it explains every craft seen from the deck of a liner, with drawings as they appear in the skyline. "Spoken in Jest" (Dutton) will be another popular book on shipboard; it shows where the English language has suffered a sea change in crossing the Atlantic, and in other ways comes to the help of the baffled traveller. Two new books describe journeys off the beaten track in England: "A Thread of English Road" (Harcourt, Brace) is a characteristic report from Charles S. Brooks on

a cycling trip across Southern England; "In Unfamiliar England," by J. D. Murphy (Page), a large volume describing a long motor trip off the main roads in England and Wales. There are two on English churches: Frances Gostling sets forth "The Lure of English Cathedrals" with legends and stories from history (Little, Brown)—a companion volume is Crichton's "The Lure of Old Paris"—and for a guide to be carried about there is a new edition of Helen M. Pratt's "Cathedral Churches of England" (Duffield), which points out the architectural, literary, and historical features of all thirty-two of England's great churches, with small but clear and well-chosen pictures. There is a "Stained Glass Tour in France," by Charles H. Sherrill (Dodd, Mead), but the new one of this beautiful series is "Stained Glass Tours in Spain and Flanders," "Old English Towns," by Andrews and Lang (Stokes), is a fine large book on forty-three famous and picturesque communities, as they are and as they have been, with excellent pictures.

L. H. Summit, N. J.; F. G. Tabor, N. J.; R. R., New York; B. V., Brooklyn, ask for advice on light reading for vacation purposes.

THERE are a few books that can be read without a struggle, save perhaps for their possession should there be lively young people about. "Pandora Lifts the Lid," by Christopher Morley and Don Marquis (Doran), a blend of fun, adventure, and romance, a flavor of high society and a dash of low: an ideal summer book. "The Old Soak's History of the World," by Don Marquis (Doubleday, Page), which has been read aloud not once nor twice in this family with bursts of Homeric laughter. "The Lunatic at Large" and its sequel, of which "The Lunatic Still at Large" is the latest, three of the most absurdly funny books of the season, by J. Storer Clouston (Dutton). "Golf Without Tears" (Doran), sporting short stories by P. G. Wodehouse. "Apes and Angels" (Minton, Balch) stories by Richard Connell in which to my delight I recover a lost treasure, the one about the man who advertised that he was going to commit suicide, and find another about the advertising man who named his baby.

"Back Stage" (Harcourt, Brace) is by Roland Oliver, if that can be a real name; anyway, it's a real book, one of the most lifelike of theatrical novels. It is like going through a Little Theatre training into the bright lights of Broadway. "On the Lot and Off," George Randolph Chester's stories of how things go on in business and artistic movie circles (Harper). "Webster's Bridge" (Stokes), because the pictures and the text are a joy if you know the game or if you do not. "The Shoreless Sea," by Mollie Panter-Downes (Putnam), because the only way to find out what a young girl wants to read in the way of a romance is to let her write one, and here is one written by a sixteen-year-old and I should have eaten it up at that time of life. Edward C. Venable's "Pierre Vinton" (Scribner), a gracefully told story of a man whose wife left him and nothing would console him until he won her back. How married women love stories like this!

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Emmanuel Berl The Nature of Love

"M. Berl's book is an earnest study and careful research into a state of feeling which embraces all of our life—spiritual as well as material. An outline of his conclusions would run into space. It enables us to turn amateur psychologist in other branches than Freudian complexes, inhibitions, and what not, which seem to comprise the mental stock of many glib talkers on the science of today."—*N.Y. Morning Telegraph*. \$2.00

May Sinclair The Dark Night

"Miss Sinclair has written a magnificent poem, a fiction in free verse, setting forth the poignant love story of Elizabeth and Victor Randle, and the wayward, compelling paganism of the girl Monica, who came between them. A rare courage was needed for this experiment of Miss Sinclair's. That her courage has resulted in success is only an additional reason for her homage."—*Literary Digest International Book Review*. \$2.00

Ernest Poole The Avalanche

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The Phoenix Nest

"LET the bird of loudest lay
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaotic wings obey."

Thus writ Shakespeare in a poem
I but vaguely understand,
Yet—because it's come to hand—
Let it serve me for a poem.

As to this, now, "herald sad,"
I'm not sad, I'm feeling fit;
On those chaotic—umm—wings I sit
With my fountain-pen and pad,

Spiralling in many a helix
Over land and over sea
To the Phoenix and her tree
"Somewhere in Arabia Felix."

I met a Phoenix in the sands
(To turn to Keats, with tongue in cheek),
Its feet were clawed—it had no hands,
But a whole of a beak!

I said, "Sweet Phoenix on the loose,
Let us put our wits to use.
Ever let the Fancy roam,
"Pleasure never is at home!"

With the which unblushing crib
I this collyam dedicate
And my pen I consecrate
From the handle to the nib

In the service of my betters
And the books that they compose.
Aid thou my initial throat,
Phoenix, patron fowl of letters!

From among the dates—publishers' dates—the "bird of loudest lay" looked down and asked us what our own particular lay was. We soon explained. We have the vast silence of this fantastical desert in which to meditate, and the Phoenix, with all the wisdom of the gorgeous East, to consult on literary matters. We present here the only authorized photograph of our first meeting with the Phoenix. And now to get to work. An occasional Chimera may stroll our way, attracted by the rattle of our Underwood. We expect the Roc and



the Gryphon in, a few evenings a month. The Roc is awfully conservative. The Phoenix may interrupt us occasionally, but she sleeps, mostly, in the top of her tree.

The first thing that occurs to us is to suggest that Tom Beer and Joe Hergesheimer melt their books together and call the result "Balisandoval." But that isn't very funny. We hand the diamond-studded ash-tray to Carl Van Vechten for the best title among the Fall books, "The Tattooed Countess." The prize for the best fall catalogue should go, in our opinion, to Messrs. Doubleday, Page. Delectable ornamentations by E. A. Wilson, Erick Barry and the Petershams! The Arthur Rackham edition of "Where the Blue Begins" looks joyful. A novel of real power, though ruthless, is *Solita Solano's* "The Uncertain Feast." It was certainly written by a man. At last we have read "Futility" by William Gerhardt, and feel that Edith Wharton missed, in her introduction to it, the superb humor of the thing. If you overlooked "Futility," some time back, do beg, borrow or steal it!

We saw Doug Fairbanks in "The Thief of Bagdad" before we left for the East. The Pegasus could have been better, for that old circus horse ambled too amiably and on too straight a line through the clouds; but the flying carpet was wholly convincing. In fact we walked up and borrowed it right off the screen for transportation to Arabia. Willy Pogany's work in designing the scenery for "The Thief" is excellent. The effects are dazzling. Douglas, while he doesn't get the opportunity for gymnastics that some of his films have afforded, is hilariously in character as the thief. Then we saw "All God's Chillen Got Wings" at the Provincetown.

Paul Robeson was impressive. O'Neill has an unusually keen feeling for dramatic situation, though his actual writing of his plays is sometimes unbelievably crude, taken line by line. His dialogue is occasionally a parody, while his grasp of underlying situation is usually powerful. To finish with plays for this week, Edmund Wilson's "The Murder in the Whistler Room" announced for this Fall by the Provincetown should be unusual. Wilson is a brilliant critic and his recent dialogues in *The New Republic* concerning the arts have entertained us greatly. But in a recent *Dial* he rather denatures Ring Lardner, to our way of thinking. He goes at Lardner as seriously as Van Wyck Brooks went at Mark Twain. He misses quite a bit of Lardner.

Edmund Lester Pearson's "Studies in Murder" is an airily handled account of five American murders, which should interest Rebecca West, as we see she has recently been standing aghast at the number of murders in America. Still, the English can do their bit. But Pearson's are all old and famous murders. Another good recent book on crime is Judge Parry's "The Drama of the Law," though our literary arbiter tells us that *De Quincey's* "Four Famous Murders" beats all murder accounts ever written. We are anxious to read Naomi Mitchison's "When the Bough Breaks." She is the daughter of one of the most eminent of English physiologists, the niece of the Lord Chancellor, and so on. But, more important, one of the events of last Fall to us was the reading of her "The Conquered," in which she gave us an unforgettable picture of the Roman conquest of Gaul, of Vercingetorix and so on. As Eileen Power says, "A historical novel should make us feel that there is no Time and that there are no Dead; and this is what Mrs. Mitchison's stories do."

There's a new Irish poet, Roy Campbell, whose long rhymed poem "The Flaming Terrapin" has been attracting some attention in England, and is being brought out over here by Lincoln MacVegh at The Dial Press. He is said to have a touch of genius and a glorious command of language.

And for months now we have been wanting to read "The Worm Ouroboros" by E. R. Eddison. Quick! Who's publishing it over here? Mary Agnes Hamilton, writing in *Jonathan Cape's* "Now and Then," that most charming of English publicity brochures, tells us that in it are "passages of horror such as *Edgar Allan Poe* has hardly surpassed." The impression of the book stays with her as "a beauty mainly sensuous, of a brilliance and variety as thrilling as in the greatest scenes of the Russian ballet." That makes our mouth water.

We have been rereading *Ambrose Bierce* because the Boni boys have brought out two of his volumes in their *The American Library*. Bierce is not so good at civilian horrors as he is at horror stories of the Civil War. A rereading of even his "The Damned Thing" didn't "get" us as a Civil War story called "The Coup de Grâce." And "Chickamauga" is another fine tale, marred only by the six-year-old child's being scared by a rabbit. We don't believe that a child even of only six years old would be scared by a rabbit. We never knew any child to fear the bane animal they all immediately seem to recognize as "cunning" and harmless. But the description of the retreat makes an indelible impression. Bierce's Civil War tales have a snap, a vividness, a basic irony and grimness that make most of the tales in "Can Such Things Be?" tame by comparison, and in some of those tales he leaves too much unexplained; a few are actually very amateurish.

Frank Shay's collection of deep sea chancies, "Iron Men and Wooden Ships," is to be published this fall with woodcuts by Edward A. Wilson in colour and black and white. This will be a splendid giftbook. The ordinary edition is seven-fifty and the *de luxe* is twenty-five dollars, limited to two hundred copies, with a special gorgeous wood-block by Mr. Wilson, of which two hundred proofs only will be pulled, inserted with a slip cover in each of these copies. To return to fine books of the comparative past, we recommend, "A Room with a View" by E. M. Forster, and we register here and now as a thorough Forster fan. We have been confounded recently by certain figures that say that two hundred million dollars' worth of white paper flows annually from the presses and binderies of Manhattan. Nevertheless we shall continue to spoil our quota. And so, the Arabian sun has set on our first perfect week. P. S.: Phoenix () sends love to all!

W. R. B.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

THE world of rare books, in the comparatively short period of a half-century, has become a very complex and important one. It now has an army of collectors, and they are to be found in every land. It has its highly organized system of clearing houses or public auction sales; its great book shops where millions of dollars' worth of literary treasures are gathered and carried in stock; its book clubs, bibliographical societies, and special periodicals. Even our universities have their professorships for teaching bibliography. The daily press on both sides of the Atlantic is alert to chronicle its sensational happenings. The number of books about books for the student and collector is increasing rapidly each year. The great public and university libraries have their exhibition rooms where literary treasures, commemorating some centenary or passing event, are constantly displayed. All this tends to increase the number of collectors and their interest grows more keen as their numbers multiply.

The present century has recorded some very extraordinary events. Two great collections, gathered in this country in a single lifetime, estimated to be worth between \$1,000,000 and \$10,000,000 each, have been given to the public. One collection in this country and another in England have brought about \$2,000,000 each at public sale. A single volume of Shakespeare has sold for \$100,000. The first editions and manuscripts of a living author have brought upwards of \$110,000. The increase in values in every line—for instance, illuminated manuscripts, incunabula, masterpieces of English literature, Americana, and authors' autograph letters and manuscripts—has been marvelous. And there have been literally hundreds of great transactions that could not have been imagined as happening in

any other period. Those best informed tell us that book collecting has only just begun. American collectors are the best informed, the most patient, persistent, and determined in the world. They have the money and the courage and buy what they want. They are making New York the center of the rare book trade of the world, and when this supremacy is fully established, we shall see a new and greater era than any that has preceded it.

It is the purpose of this department to chronicle the significant happenings in this great field. It will call the attention of its readers to important sales in New York, London, and elsewhere, likely to be of interest to them. It will report these sales in a manner best calculated to give a fair knowledge of market values and tendencies. Rare book values are as dependent upon our auction market as the value of stocks and bonds are upon the Stock Exchanges. Rare books, stocks, and bonds are worth what they will bring in free competition. We shall ever bear in mind that collecting and true values are dependent upon a fair and honest auction system. Americans have every reason to take pride in their book sales as now conducted. Our auction houses are enterprising, efficient, and have a just regard for both consignors and purchasers. This is a sound and wholesome condition and we shall do our utmost to maintain and preserve it.

Our auction houses and collectors are peculiarly dependent upon the rare book trade. James Lenox could never have formed his great library without the assistance of Henry Stevens. J. Pierpont Morgan and Henry E. Huntington were even more dependent upon the great booksellers of our time. The noted bookshops, with their great stock of rarities, together with their invaluable expert advice and assistance, are an indispensable

factor in book collecting to-day. The auction houses need their support to keep in touch with collectors. Collectors need them for the indispensable help that they can give them. They deserve this support on account of their high standing, fair dealing, and expert service. We shall strive to bring these dealers and our readers into closer relations. And we shall not forget that the famous dealers of Old England have been a great source of supply in the past for books that we have needed. We hope our good relations of other days will continue until we have purchased the last book that the British Isles can spare.

American collectors like to know what is happening in the rare book world generally. They are interested in what the book clubs and bibliographical societies are doing; in the revival of printing as a fine art; in limited and *de luxe* editions, the latest bibliographies, and many new books that have a special appeal to them; in the more important and worthwhile catalogues of the great booksellers; and in what the rare book periodicals and writers are saying. And there is a group of kindred lines that cannot be overlooked. We shall glean from this broad field material of the greatest interest and significance. This work is not being done anywhere else just as it should be, and we hope our treatment of it will give this department a unique interest and value.

And, finally, we hope never to be un-mindful of the true value of books. The bookloving collector has every advantage over the mere speculator. Money is less necessary in his operations, and he gets a return from his books that makes dollars and cents seem cheap. Too many collectors degenerate into feverish speculators. The atmosphere of the Stock Exchange is too prevalent in the auction rooms of New York and London. The moment that money becomes the main consideration, book collecting as an enjoyable hobby is ruined. We pass by our favorite author, or the subject

in which we are interested, for something that we hope will sell at an advance. To buy a book merely because it is rare, high in price, or the prevailing fashion is to debase the noble passion for books. To paraphrase an old proverb, when love of money comes in at the window the love of books flies out at the door.

In short, we hope to make this department of real interest and value to booklovers and collectors, to use our influence on the right side in the trade generally, and to do our best to inculcate a love of books and their ownership.

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